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The Nation.
November 24, 1979 $1

EDITORIAL

# HISTORY AND TRUTH

Henry Kissinger's careless way with the historical record was widely manifest in his protestations into every microphone that the Shah of Iran is a saintly man. The selectiveness of Kissinger's memory is a theme in the comments of those we invited to contribute to a Symposium on *White House Years* (page 527). Sydney H. Schanberg, who was in Cambodia for *The New York Times*, catches Kissinger out in the egregious misstatement that the secret bombings of that ravaged land in 1969 and subsequent American incursion created no refugee problem —an assertion now crucial to Kissinger's defense against the well-documented charges in William Shawcross's book *Sideshow*.

Two weeks ago, we published a Federal Bureau of Investigation memorandum reporting dealings between Kissinger and the Bureau in 1953. When *New York Daily News* columnist Ken Auletta asked him about the F.B.I. report, Kissinger responded, "I said then it was not true"—an ambiguous and unsatisfactory reply. How could he have known in 1953 about an F.B.I. memorandum that was not released until 1979?

M.B. Schnapper's article on Presidential papers (page 524) is not too far afield from all this. Schnapper has obtained some documents under the Freedom of Information Act showing that Harry S. Truman used a dubious device to retain private control over his papers. And Kissinger performed an analogous vanishing act on his own public papers. It is imperative that the public should have access to the unedited Kissinger record. This is precisely the purpose of a suit to bring the Kissinger papers back under the F.O.I.A. now before the Supreme Court. Henry Kissinger's memory should not be allowed to stand as "the history of our time," as the advertisement for his book puts it.

KISSINGER'S MEMOIRS
Sydney Schanberg
Blair Clark
James Duffy
Richard Falk
Laurence Lafore

PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS FLIMFLAM
M.B. Schnapper

SYNFUEL GIVEAWAY
John Tirman

SHOSTAKOVICH
Simon Karlinsky

W.H. AUDEN
James Rawley

EUROPEAN REARMAMENT

# NO GLICIMS FOR NATO

ALAN WOLFE

In December of this year, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization will make the most important decision in its history. At minimum, the stakes involve the future of the balance of power in the international system. At maximum, they mean a serious upward spiraling of the arms race and a consequent increase in the probability of nuclear war. The decision concerns whether to deploy a mix of 108 Pershing II missiles and 464 ground-launched cruise missiles or GLCMs (pronounced "glicims") on European soil.

Since my return from a recent three-week trip to Moscow and Berlin, I have been dismayed to see the gap between the seriousness with which this issue is being debated overseas and the lack of concern here. From Amsterdam to Copenhagen to Bonn, all sides are aroused over the question of new theater nuclear weapons (i.e., those designed for a specific field of operations). Not since President John Kennedy went to Berlin has Europe been so much in the center of a major international controversy. The Soviet Union also attaches deep significance to this issue. When I met with Georgi Arbatov, director of Moscow's Institute for American and Canadian Studies, I was prepared for a discussion of SALT II, to me the major item on the international agenda. But after a few disparaging remarks about certain U.S. Senators, Arbatov dismissed the subject of SALT; in his view, it would fail of ratification and, even if passed, would not constitute an advance in Russian-American relations. Instead, he launched into a discussion of GLCMs. Adding emphasis to Arbatov's concern, my very next appointment was to talk with some Soviet scholars about Chairman Leonid Brezhnev's proposal to reduce Russian tanks and men in Eastern Europe, combined with an

*(Continued on Page 518)*

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# LETTERS.

## CAMPAIGN CORRECTION

*Washington*

Regarding Shelly Waxman's letter in your October 27 issue: The National Organizing Conference to Stop Government Spying sponsored by the Campaign for Political Rights (then the Campaign to Stop Government Spying) in Ann Arbor in September 1978 *did not* call for the abolishment of the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. Participants in a general plenary meeting at the conference did call upon the Campaign steering committee to study and discuss the issue of "whether the F.B.I. should be abolished." The intent of the resolution was to have the Campaign consider whether to take a position on this issue and if so, what that position would be. . . .

Since that time, the Campaign steering committee has decided to stand firm on its basic principles—an end to political spying and harassment in the United States and an end to covert operations abroad. The Campaign continues to encourage an exchange of views on how these basic principles can be accomplished.

At the time of the conference in Michigan, Morton Halperin was the elected chairperson of the Campaign. While that position no longer exists, the Campaign staff of five professional organizers is supported in its work by its member and cooperating organizations and by a representative fifteen-member Executive Committee. The Campaign is a broad national coalition of more than eighty religious, environmental, civil liberties, women's, black, Latino, Native American and labor organizations.

*Peggy Shaker*
*National Coordinator*
*Diane St. Clair*
*Publications Coordinator*
*Campaign for Political Rights*

## CHRISTIAN BROTHER

*Nashville, Tenn.*

I wanted to thank you for the printing of Ramsey Clark's eloquent article about the tragic and irrational chain of events which led to John Spenkelink's killing by the state of Florida ["Spenkelink's Last Appeal," *The Nation*, Oct. 27]. As one who was very close to John over the last few years of his life and who remains close to his family, I am convinced that all Americans need to take a hard look at what happened to John and what will happen to the remaining 546 on death row in this country.

However, I must painfully take exception to part of Henry Schwarzschild's editorial ["Any Man's Death," same issue]. To the best of my knowledge, Henry never met John Spenkelink nor spent any significant amount of time with John's family. Thus I am incredulous that he could state, in referring to the particular horror of John's death, "That horror derived not from his dying, for he shared that experience with every mortal, nor from any affection or respect for him, for little in his life suggested that he was fit to be liked as a friend, much less celebrated as a saint or hero."

John Spenkelink was not a saint or a hero but he was a dear friend of mine, a Christian brother in the truest and deepest sense of the term. It was my good fortune to visit John for more than two years before his death and to come to love him dearly. I was not alone in my feelings for John; the men on death row loved him for his quiet compassion and courage, for his love for each of them. If I had the space, I could recount many examples of John's concern for those on death row and also for the guards who kept him locked up. John had a broad and deep understanding of the Christian faith, and he lived it out daily until he died. His powerful witness of the faith led the Committee of Southern Churchmen to place him on the board of that organization. For us who knew him, he was truly an "ambassador for Christ" (II Cor. 5:20).

Perhaps now you can imagine the sadness I felt when another friend of mine, Henry Schwarzschild, states in print that "little in his [John's] life suggested that he was fit to be liked as a friend . . ." I am not sure what compelled Henry to write such a phrase, especially when he knows how much John meant to those who knew him, but I hope the readers of *The Nation* will not believe it. John Spenkelink was beloved by many and his presence is sorely missed. His personal example enables many of us to continue in his somber and fearful fight against the death penalty. I recall his last words to me shortly before he was killed: "Joe, no matter what comes down, tell everyone out there how much I appreciate all their efforts. Not just for me but for everybody. And tell them that no matter what happens to me, not to give up. There are so many more who must be saved. Just thank them for me and tell them that I love them all." At which point we both looked away with tear-filled eyes, swallowing hard, and I left.

John Spenkelink was a man worthy not only of friendship but of life itself. May God forgive us for what we did to him.

*The Rev. Joseph B. Ingle*
*Director, Southern Coalition on Jails and Prisons, Inc.*

*New York City*

I never met John Spenkelink or his family. I never met his victim, or his family, either. Mr. Spenkelink was, in his 20s, a twice-convicted felon, an escapee from a California correctional camp, who killed (under disputed circumstances) his traveling companion, an older, more experienced criminal.

Little in that record suggested that he was fit to be liked. Joe Ingle (and other thoughtful and valuable opponents of capital punishment) found Spenkelink likable and humanly attractive. That was very important in Spenkelink's short life, and it is a moving confirmation that the executioner often claims human beings who have been deeply changed from what they were when the jury condemned them to death. But surely we don't oppose the death penalty only for likable offenders. The biblical injunction, which I try to heed, is to *love* (not like) your fellow human beings. My point was that, on those grounds and on others, the death penalty is impermissible because it kills people, both the likable and the unlikable.

*Henry Schwarzschild*

### AUTHOR'S QUERY

For a study of the Black Legion, a terrorist offshoot of the Ku Klux Klan in the 1930s, I seek the papers of Ben Allen, left-wing researcher on U.S. corporate control and investigator for the LaFollette Sub-Committee in 1936-37. Allen died in the Southwest about 1960, survived by a young son and a brother in the Chicago area who may have acquired the papers. If you can help, please contact: Prof. Peter H. Amann, History, University of Michigan—Dearborn, 4901 Evergreen Road, Dearborn, Mich. 48128.

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# EDITORIALS.

## Iranian Impasse

President Carter's initial policy of reasoned restraint in response to the seizure of American hostages in Iran was the right one, and we can at this point only hope that he sticks to it. Beneath the deceptive calm of self-imposed reticence by politicians in Washington and elsewhere in the land, jingoistic passions are mounting, and the temptation to launch a *Mayagüez*-style punitive action can only grow more compelling—especially in an election year. Carter's decision to bar Iranian oil imports was a useful, fortuitously timely stroke, coming as it did only hours before the Ayatollah decided to use the oil "weapon." The freezing of Iranian assets, however, was more tit for tat. Measured response and patience, rather than reprisals (such as cutting off food shipments), are the keys.

The seizure of hostages violated a bedrock principle of peaceful intercourse among nations—diplomatic immunity. The action of the "students," and the all-potent blessing given it by Ayatollah Khomeini, can only be condemned. Moreover, the whirlwind passions unleashed by those who invaded the American Embassy also touched off a struggle for power inside Iran's disintegrating revolutionary Government. Nine months after the collapse of the Pahlevi regime, hatred of the Shah seems to be the only remaining popular emotion capable of reviving, albeit temporarily, Khomeini's decomposing and increasingly repressive theocracy. Today, the priest from Qum is buffeted by unemployment, economic instability, political dissent and the continuing challenge of the rebellious Kurds. There is no functioning government, only one aged man whose harsh *diktats* have replaced ideology, policy and simple administration. In this context, the American hostages are pawns in a struggle among men competing for the ear of the Ayatollah. Certainly the mullahs who dominate the secret Revolutionary Council have benefited from the unseating of Premier Mehdi Bazargan's ineffectual ministerial Government, which the invasion of the American Embassy

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precipitated. But the Revolutionary Council members are themselves divided into factions, some of them denominated as "pro-Libyan," "Pan-Islamic" or "pro-Syrian," depending upon the place where they spent their years of exile.

Given the complexity of the factional maneuverings around Khomeini, the President's efforts to gain the release of the hostages have been made doubly difficult. But the roots of our problems today in Iran are not all that complex. They originate in the simple fact that six American Presidents since 1953 have given their unqualified support to the Shah. The American people should know that they owe nothing to this deposed monarch, whose abrupt downfall, quite apart from his greed and murderous authoritarianism, proved the moral futility of throwing American support behind a regime opposed by an overwhelming number of Iranians. Carter should long ago have acknowledged this.

The major Iranian proposal last week suggested that the hostages might be released in return for (*1*) an acknowledgment of the Shah's criminality, (*2*) the confiscation of his American assets and (*3*) the establishment of an international investigation of the Shah's crimes. It is unfortunate that these proposals were tainted by the threat of coercion. The Iranians' crude use of blackmail undercuts any moral authority their proposals might have.

There is undeniably a legal case to be made against the Shah. The United States has no extradition treaty with Iran, but Teheran has yet to request that Washington negotiate such a treaty. And if the Shah has absconded with Government assets, then Teheran could initiate a civil suit to attach his assets in any Federal court.

This entire affair suggests that we still need international institutions, ombudsmen if you will, capable of transcending bilateral diplomacy. One positive step in the immediate crisis might be the creation by the United Nations of an ad hoc commission of international jurists that would investigate the charges leveled at the Shah. The Iranians regard the Shah as a war criminal—and what is important to them in this crisis is that the world community (e.g., the Security Council) hear the gravity of their charges against him. The international community faced a similar problem in the aftermath of World War II—and created the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal. In a period when Third World political turmoils are constantly affecting the fragile equilibrium between sovereign nations everywhere, perhaps it is time to search for new institutions that could provide alternatives to the desperate, futile vigilantism in Iran.

# Prize CAT

There is more than symbolic irony in the award of the Nobel Prize for Medicine to a machine. Oh, yes, the prize was in the names of Godfrey Newbold Hounsfield and Allan MacLeod Cormack, the developers of Computer Axial Tomography, the CAT scanner, but the machine—and what it stands for—was the real winner. The current infatuation with the "technological fix" did not escape the Nobel Prize Committee, with its antennae attuned to every vibration in the scientific world.

Those who see any effort to humanize medicine—to convert it from a professionally oriented to a patient-oriented system—as an attack on science and scientific treatment, were delighted with CAT's prize. Harry Schwartz has already gone on record in *The New York Times*, gloating and crowing over this victory over "bureaucrats" and "bleeding hearts." Naturally, the enemies of environmental controls smell victory in this award as well.

True, the portrayal by cost-control fanatics of the CAT scanner as a symbol of the waste, duplication and medical-care cost inflation with which our medical system is plagued was exaggerated. It is a terribly expensive machine, but so was the computer at its birth. Its worth, in terms of diagnosis and time and effort saving for the medical technicians, and in long-term lifesaving value, has yet to be estimated. It is possible, too, that as marketing improved, the price of individual units would fall.

The CAT scanner replaces a series of surgical or semisurgical procedures formerly used to obtain information from inside the skull, in efforts to diagnose the source of pain or abnormal function. These procedures were formidable, involving injections of air or radio/opaque fluid, which were difficult, time-consuming, dangerous, and required expensive equipment, personnel, hospital space and very skilled operators. Post-testing effects could often be very painful for the patient, too. Consequently, these procedures were not undertaken unless the patient was seriously disabled by his symptoms, or there was sufficient other evidence that brain surgery might be indicated, so that this confirmation by the complex diagnostic procedure was essential in order to avoid unnecessary brain surgery. The expensive, time-consuming, dangerous procedures were replaced by this simple, painless procedure, equal in diagnostic power to—if not better than—the quasi-surgical procedure, and much cheaper.

Critics of the CAT scanner were not denying it was an improvement upon older procedures. The trouble was that its very simplicity, ease and painlessness led to its overuse. Once its utility was recognized, it was no longer reserved for the rare case but was ordered with carefree abandon. After all, in the American medical care system, the doctor orders and the patient pays. American practitioners raced to acquire machines. Countries with national health programs were more cautious: of the world's 2,000 CAT scanners, the United States has 1,000. It is a big moneymaker.

The cumbersome and ineffectual governmental mechanisms we employ to control costs have the fine discrimination of a blunderbuss. The attack on CAT scanners, led by the health planning agencies, mainly emphasized costs; the doctors countered with CAT's amazing diagnostic feats. Legislative efforts to stop proliferation of the machines met powerful opposition.

So it stood until the Nobel award. Now that the scanner has the Nobel Prize, cost-accounting delays will no longer be permitted. The emphasis on cost was misplaced, anyhow. It is the ascendancy of the mechanical medical model that is at

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issue. Free enterprise will win another battle. The technological fix will triumph. Our system of medical care will continue its heedless inflationary way. Doctors' incomes and hospital costs will both rise spectacularly. Those without sufficient or satisfactory medical care will continue to do without. Fewer people will be able to afford what medical care there is and the insurance premiums will mount. A prize for the CAT; none for the suffering humans.

GEORGE A. SILVER

*George A. Silver, M.D., is professor of public health at the School of Medicine, Yale University, and the author of* A Spy in the House of Medicine *and* Child Health: America's Future *(both Aspen Systems Corporation).*

# Saharan Freeze

On October 22, 1979, the Carter Administration announced its decision to sell sophisticated counterinsurgency weapons and related military equipment to Morocco. In response to longstanding requests from the Government of King Hassan II, the Administration has agreed to supply OV-10 Bronco aircraft, AH-1 Huey Cobra helicopter gunships and M-113 armored personnel carriers to Morocco for use against nationalist guerrillas in the Western Sahara. The decision demonstrates a new, and alarming, willingness on the part of the Carter Administration to support Morocco's continued military occupation of the Western Sahara.

Under the terms of the 1960 U.S.-Moroccan military agreement, Morocco is prohibited from using U.S. arms in the Western Sahara. However, American arms have played a significant role in the Saharan conflict since 1975, when Moroccan troops invaded and occupied the territory. Guerrilla forces of the Polisario Front, the Algerian-backed Saharan nationalist organization, have reported destroying or capturing a wide variety of U.S.-supplied weapons, including F-5A fighter aircraft, 105-mm. howitzers, 60-mm. and 81-mm. mortars and 106-mm. recoilless rifles. The U.S. Government admits the accuracy of these reports, but refuses to enforce Moroccan compliance with the 1960 military agreement.

Far from bringing this collusion to an end, the Carter Administration has now shifted to a policy of direct support for Morocco's occupation of the Western Sahara. The Administration's rationale is that the proposed arms sales will encourage King Hassan to seek a negotiated, rather than a military, solution to the Saharan conflict, and Zbigniew Brzezinski and Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher were dispatched to Algeria and Morocco, respectively, in an attempt to initiate negotiations. But King Hassan has consistently, and vehemently, rejected the idea of talking to representatives of the Polisario Front in the past, and there is little reason to expect him to alter this stance. For its part, the Algerian Government is unlikely to enter into talks with King Hassan unless the Polisario Front participates and, in any case, negotiations which do not include the Polisario Front cannot resolve the Saharan conflict. It is clear, therefore, that the arms will be used by Moroccan occupation forces to maintain their hold over the Western Sahara, and will thus constitute an implicit endorsement of Morocco's efforts to annex the territory by military force.

Why, then, has the Carter Administration now decided to support the sales? In early 1978, when Morocco first requested these arms, public and Congressional advocates of a noninterventionist policy in Africa objected vigorously, and so, for nearly two years, moderate State Department officials were able to postpone a decision in Morocco's favor. The moderates' position appeared to gain ground in July, when the Organization of African Unity called for a cease-fire and a referendum allowing for self-determination in the Sahara. Now, however, advocates of a more activist foreign policy, led by Brzezinski and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, argue that the United States must respond forcefully to Soviet-Cuban initiatives in Africa and prevent any further weakening of pro-Western governments. And because King Hassan has generally supported U.S. objectives in the region —twice sending Moroccan troops to Zaire to help suppress insurgent forces in Shaba Province—while Algeria is perceived as an ally of Moscow, these leaders insist that Washington must tilt the balance in Rabat's favor.

The decision to supply advanced counterinsurgency weapons to Morocco for use in the Western Sahara indicates that the interventionists now have the upper hand in the Carter Administration. Having overcome their opponents inside the bureaucracy, the Brzezinski-Brown faction now must win approval in Congress. If Congress approves the sales and the Saharan conflict continues to escalate, we are likely next to hear appeals for even greater U.S. support for Morocco—including civilian technicians and military advisers. And if, as many analysts believe it will, the Saharan conflict precipitates outright war between Morocco and Algeria, the United States could find itself caught in the middle.

Fortunately, Congress has the power, under Section 37 of the Arms Export Control Act, to veto the proposed Moroccan sale, and some members of Congress already intend to introduce a resolution for that purpose. Representative Stephen Solarz (D., N.Y.), chairman of the House Subcommittee on Africa and an opponent of the sales, has warned that the Carter action will "prolong the war rather than shorten it." Morocco's relationship with the United States, he pointed out, "does not obligate us to support a war that can't be won or a cause that is not just." Congressional efforts to block the sales, however, are unlikely to succeed unless they receive strong public backing. Arms sales to Morocco are a test case for wider American military intervention in Africa. Those who object to the Sahara becoming a cold-war battlefield should raise a clamor of protest that can be heard on the Hill.

DANIEL VOLMAN

*Daniel Volman is a staff member of the Militarism and Disarmament Project of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C.*

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# Empty Promises

Following his annual custom, Philippines strongman Ferdinand Marcos recently reaffirmed his devotion to democracy and promised elections in 1984. The President regretted, however, that a continuation of the New People's Army (N.P.A.) insurgency in the countryside was delaying liberalization. In an unprecedented burst of candor, Marcos also admitted that there had been atrocities committed by the military, and promised to crack down on the offenders.

The State Department was delighted with these pronouncements, claiming that they vindicated the United States' view that martial law was a temporary expedient to restore civil order. But few people outside the U.S. Government take Marcos at his word, and his promises were met with open derision among opposition leaders in Manila. Marcos has made good on virtually none of his past promises to lift or modify martial law, and is less likely to do so now than ever.

In fact, the regime is growing more rather than less repressive. Last August, in the face of increasingly vocal liberal opposition, the military threatened to try ex-President Diosdado Macapagal, a leading opposition spokesman, for sedition and rumormongering. Several associates were arrested, and a new Filipino translation of his book *Democracy in the Philippines* was suppressed. Marcos intervened on Macapagal's behalf after the case attracted international attention, but the military's point was not lost, and the book is still suppressed.

With the significant exception of former Senator Benigno Aquino Jr. (jailed since 1972), most opposition leaders with international reputations are still free. But the invisible opposition—community groups, labor leaders, peasant dissidents—lives in constant fear of arrest, torture, and "salvaging" (summary execution). Church sources claim that the repression is becoming more severe, and it is significant that the most conservative bishops are beginning to speak out against the military atrocities. Despite Marcos's protestations, no ranking officer has been seriously disciplined for human rights violations.

It is not hard to understand the gap between rhetoric and reality. Marcos has lost the support of most important elements in Philippine society. Workers are disaffected because real wages have declined by nearly 50 percent since 1972. Peasant farmers, repelled by the atrocities, are learning that the highly touted land-reform program is a sham: they are being dispossessed for failing to keep up payments of taxes and fees imposed by Government-sponsored barrio organizations and "cooperatives." The N.P.A. appears to them to be their only hope. Landlords who cannot avoid transfer of their land complain of bureaucratic delays in reimbursement and the necessity of paying off officials before any action is taken. Businessmen are seeing their savings evaporate under 20 percent inflation and their profits suffer as Government policy shifts toward export promotion, encouraged by the vast inflows of foreign capital that followed the shift to martial law. Economic conditions will deteriorate still further as the effects of the recent oil price increases (the country imports 98 percent of its oil) spread through the economy.

The regime's remaining support is concentrated in the military, the technocrats and those oligarchical families whose businesses have benefited from martial law—investment bankers with foreign connections, local partners of multinational firms, those with investments in infrastructure industries. The regime survives by catering to these interests, largely through its corrupt planning bureaucracy, and by exercising brute force against the rest of the population. That is why Marcos will not move effectively to stop the rising tide of military atrocities—he cannot afford to abandon the strategy of intimidation that is his main means of social control, nor risk the loss of military support. Given the enormous benefits he and his allies have reaped under martial law, the promised move back toward democracy seems most unlikely.

From this perspective, the current American policy of "quiet diplomacy" on human rights violations coupled with continuing support for the regime (the aid package for the 1980 fiscal year represents a 163 percent increase over 1979) is bound to fail. It does not address the underlying issue of Marcos's lack of civilian domestic support. The lesson of Nicaragua is relevant: the longer that American support permits a venal, repressive dictatorship to endure, the more violent and disruptive the eventual reaction is likely to be.

CHARLES BEITZ

*Charles Beitz, professor of political science at Swarthmore College, is currently a guest professor at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University.*

# ARTICLES.

# NATO

*(Continued From Front Cover)*

offer to downplay the Russian SS-20 in return for a U.S. decision not to go ahead with the NATO missiles. Obviously the Russians were giving the question of theater nuclear weapons in Europe the highest priority.

Back in the United States, the Administration had abruptly dismissed Brezhnev's remarkable offer, apparently hoping —wrongly, as it turned out—the issue would die down. Times have changed, and the reaction to the Soviet proposal was astonishing. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, certainly no friend of the Soviet Union, rejected the American rejections; as far as he was concerned, the Soviet offer was a clear statement of a desire to negotiate, which he preferred to confrontation. Schmidt went even further and an-

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nounced that he would not accept new weapons on German soil unless some other European power agreed to take them as well, first claiming and then denying that he favored the Dutch to play this role. (The Netherlands has one of the strongest anti-nuclear-weapons movements in the world; opposition to the neutron bomb was the dominant sentiment in that country, and many Dutch parliamentarians distrust U.S. motives.) The United States was so compromised by its out-of-hand rejection of the Soviet offer that David Aaron, Zbigniew Brzezinski's closest adviser, was later forced to make a counteroffer to eliminate some obsolete American nuclear weapons in Western Europe.

There are good reasons why the Western European countries are worried. First, unlike in the United States, peace sentiment is strong there, given the number of wars that have been fought on European soil. (So many of America's actions in the world can be explained by the fact that no wars have been fought here in this century.) In Denmark, for example, opposition to an escalation of the arms race is so strong, according to Jorgen Dragsdahl of the daily *Information*, that no party can risk appearing to be sympathetic to the American plan. Klaas G. DeVries, chairman of the Defense Commission of the Dutch Parliament, opposes theater nuclear weapons and, even though his party is not in power, he is so widely respected that his opinion may be decisive. Even in West Germany popular opposition cannot be ignored. Germans are quite committed to their national defense, but a recent poll published in *Der Bürger im Staat* indicated that only 19 percent were willing to see a nuclear war fought on their territory if matters came to that. (The figures, however, could also be read to indicate that large numbers of Germans would support a conventional war in Europe, if such a thing were possible.)

Second, the Europeans worry increasingly about the reliability of the United States. This is not, as writers such as Drew Middleton of *The New York Times* theorize, a concern that the United States will abandon NATO to the hordes from the East. Middleton's portrayals of the views of the NATO powers are derived largely from Pentagon press releases rather than the real world. What Europeans really fear is that the American political system has become so dominated by irrationality that it is no longer dependable. The general European reaction to the Russian-brigade-in-Cuba frenzy, even in the highest reaches of Government, was puzzlement over how a great power could stoop so low. And the antics of Senator Howard Baker—demanding that the United States build strategically worthless heavy missiles because the Russians built them—were seen as immature. There is considerable talk that if the U.S. Senate rejects SALT II, the Europeans, and particularly West Germany, will have to look toward the East. (Significantly, trade between the Federal Republic and the Soviet Union is up sharply.)

Third, the recent behavior of the Soviet Union has affected the European debate. From a European perspective, the most important arms-control agenda is SALT III, which finally addresses the question of weapons on the Continent. European governments unanimously endorse SALT II because without it there can be no SALT III; rejection of the treaty would halt movement toward arms control and leave Europe vulnerable. While suspicion of the Russians is natural in Western Europe, even conservative politicians have been impressed by the persistence with which the Russians have been advocating a reduction of tensions. Brezhnev's offer confirmed an underlying sentiment that the Russians, for whatever reason, are at least steady, while the United States seems racked by periodic bouts of hysteria.

Thus, the debate over the deployment of new missiles comes at a historic juncture. On the one hand, the Carter Administration, under attack from the right and with an election coming up, seems determined to "stand up" to the Russians everywhere around the globe, which precipitates actions that serve to revive the cold war. Yet at the same time, there is an apparent cooling of tensions in Europe, so that significant segments of those countries are abandoning traditional cold-war thinking. As the gap widens, those forces on both sides of the Atlantic that have a stake in the cold war are driven to whip up anti-Soviet hysteria more furiously than at any time since the Berlin airlift. As a result, there has emerged a systematic attempt to reconstitute the old image of the Soviet menace. The campaign takes at least three forms: popular metaphor, dignified commentary and the numbers game.

Observers of best-seller lists may have noticed that for the past six months the Third World War has been selling briskly. Sir John Hackett, former Commander in Chief of the British Rhine Army and NATO's Northern Army Group, together with a coterie of former NATO commanders, has written *The Third World War,* a fantasy of a Soviet invasion of Western Europe. Co-authors and consultants on the book cover the cold-war spectrum, from Norman Macrae, deputy editor of *The Economist,* to Sir Bernard Burrows, British Ambassador to NATO from 1966 to 1970. Translated into German as *Der Dritte Weltkrieg,* the book has also become a best seller in the Federal Republic, which is not surprising since a number of German cold warriors were consultants on the project too. (Tokyo's Futami Shobo publishing house, not to be outdone, has brought out a *series* of books, such as *The Third World War in Japan: The Russians Have Landed*, which picture the Russians setting up an occupation of the country and imprisoning the top businessmen; the publisher pointed out that "children's books aside . . . this series is the number-one commodity for our company.")

Ventures such as Hackett's—or the Japanese attempt, also apparently written by a committee of military men—are clearly part of a deliberate scare campaign to mobilize public opinion behind a new upswing in the arms race. The

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chutzpah of these books is impressive. As former commanders, the authors can proclaim their expertise, adding credibility to their words. But, as fiction writers, they are relieved of all responsibility to the truth, and their books show it. *The Third World War*, for example, is pure nonsense, but that does not prevent it from—and may even help it in—achieving its objective of softening up the public.

For intellectuals, something more substantial than best-selling fiction is required to start the old cold-war juices flowing: a rejuvenating prescription of rhetoric containing scant regard for the truth or for the ethical and moral dilemmas that torment ordinary people. Who could better provide this kind of treatment than Dr. Henry Kissinger? Kissinger's September 1 speech at the Palais d'Egmont in Brussels could be said to be to history what Hackett's book is to literature. Given the world situation that existed at the time of its delivery, the speech came close to being a call for war with the Soviet Union.

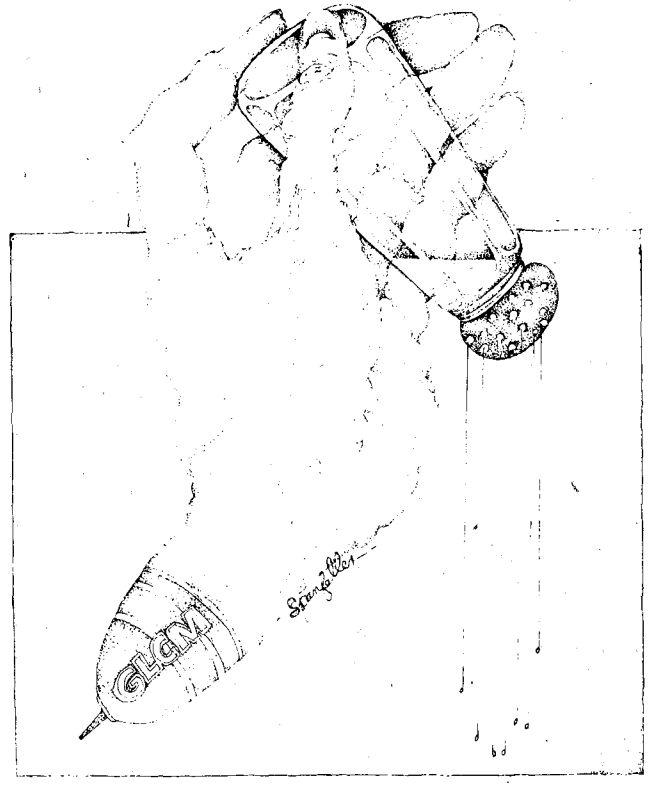
The ostensible purpose of Kissinger's remarks was to question whether a strategy of deterrence is relevant to the 1980s. The theory of deterrence holds that when one side in the nuclear arms race possesses enough weapons to retaliate against the other, then the other will be prevented from considering a first strike. When there is rough equivalence between two superpowers, then mutual assured destruction (MAD) prevents the outbreak of war. Kissinger was one of the advocates of this theory, but now that the Carter Administration is carrying out his policies, the former Secretary of State has moved sharply to the right, calling for a new strategic doctrine that (presumably) would give the United States a significant military advantage over the Soviet Union.

The Russians, Kissinger argues, will seek political gains, given "a world of upheaval and rapid changes." How is the United States to stop them? Merely threatening to blow them to bits would not only apply too much power to too small a problem but would also prove that it is "the liberal, humane progressive community [i.e., the United States] that is advocating the most bloodthirsty solutions." Because "the democracies . . . must [not] concede the peace issue to their opponents," it is up to the West to find a way to force the Soviet Union to desist from its actions without threatening full-scale nuclear destruction and without bringing down world opinion against it. The solution is to build up theater nuclear weapons in Europe: "It is urgently necessary either that the Russians be deprived of their counterforce capabilities in strategic forces or that a U.S. counterforce capability in strategic forces be rapidly built; it is also necessary that either the Soviet threat in theater nuclear weapons against Europe be eliminated (which I do not see as possible) or an immediate effort be made to build up theater nuclear forces."

Kissinger's speech was a sign of how high the stakes have become in this debate. In reality, as I will discuss shortly, the Soviet Union is not in any credible way a threat to the security of Western Europe, given the long-range accuracy and firepower of America's nuclear force. But the former Secretary of State was not talking to the Russians, he was talking to Carter. He was saying that he is willing to suspend the bipartisan consensus behind deterrence in return for an outlet for his ambitions. Kissinger in this speech adopts the counterforce notions of James Schlesinger that he argued against when he was in the White House. The whole thrust of the Brussels speech was to raise to a higher pitch Western debates about military preparedness.

Two aspects of the speech are worth emphasizing in this context. First, Kissinger backs off from his own policy of détente. He suggests that NATO, for example, cannot be part of the détente process, that it is an alliance designed for purposes of war and peace, not policy making. Going ahead with theater nuclear weapons gives the West a bargaining chip with the Russians, and at the same time it commits all the NATO governments to a unified strategy. Second, Kissinger adopts the notion associated with Paul Nitze that a strategic advantage conveys a political one. He looks back nostalgically on the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 (and even the Middle East crisis of 1973) when the United States had a clear nuclear superiority. A commitment to theater nuclear missiles would restore this superiority. In sum, the thrust of Kissinger's remarks is to urge a major increase in the West's commitment to arms, which would upset nuclear equivalency between the two superpowers, put the Russians on notice that America has recovered from its malaise, and increase the ability of the United States to take unilateral action. If not an explicit call for war with the Soviet Union, it certainly is a declaration of war against détente.

Kissinger has not gone unanswered. Seven days after his talk, at the Annual Conference of the International Institute for Strategic Studies at Villars, Switzerland, McGeorge Bundy responded. The former architect of the Vietnam War came across as a pacifist in comparison to Kissinger. Bundy

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pointed out that "for many years NATO's most truly strategic weapons have been the assigned American submarines. . . . There is no way of changing this reality by new deployments of long-range weapons on land and no reason for Americans to press that mode on their allies." The status quo, in Bundy's view, is sufficient to deter the Russians, who have no interest in striking at Europe in any case. With his famed cold, dispassionate reason, Bundy tore Kissinger's arguments to shreds. We have apparently reached the state where a strategy based upon MAD appears the reasonable course. But despite Bundy's refutation, Kissinger has already achieved his objective of shifting discourse to the right.

The final element in the current hysteria preparing the way for a new round in the cold war is the numbers game. Newspapers these days have been bristling with charts documenting how much greater Russian strength is than Western Europe's. Typical of the effort is a recent map in *The New York Times* indicating that NATO possesses 18 ICBMs compared to 710 for the Warsaw Pact; 1,658 nuclear armed aircraft compared to 4,151; 1,811 nuclear warheads as opposed to 2,244; leaving only an advantage in submarine-launched ballistic missiles, 128 for the West and 87 for the East. A profusion of similar score cards have been published, and they all drive home the same message: in this world series, the United States is losing.

Nuclear defense, however, is not comparable to a nineteenth-century conception of war, in which the nation with the preponderant fighting power will gradually wear down the will of its opponent. The only strategic calculation that is relevant is whether there is enough force on one side to deter the other, and that point was passed a long time ago. Because the United States has so many effective weapons outside Europe, it simply does not need that many inside. From the Soviet point of view, it hardly matters whether nuclear destruction begins in Europe or from submarines in the Atlantic Ocean. Comparing NATO and Warsaw Pact forces without considering the nature of nuclear war is tantamount to a deliberate lie, if the implication is that the West must "correct" the "imbalance."

Furthermore, the numbers themselves are difficult to pin down in any precise way. Hans-Gunther Brauch, a West German arms-control specialist, has found that although there is relative agreement on the numbers of the West's forces, there is substantial disagreement when it comes to evaluating the East. The 1979 German White Book, for example, the last word in the current Soviet threat campaign, differs from other public sources in its count of Russian bombers, fighters and missiles. As Gert Krell, a peace researcher at Frankfurt University, put the problem, "comparing military forces is politics." When it comes to the arms race, there will never be a score card that tells the whole story.

All indications point toward the probability that an election-conscious Carter Administration will push NATO in the direction of accepting the deployment of new missiles. If Schmidt has his way, the decision may be to postpone actual emplacement of the missiles until negotiations with the Soviet Union are held. In any case, a NATO decision to go ahead with the new weapons will have frightful consequences.

First, some of the GLCMs will be untouched by future arms-limitation treaties. It is impossible to ascertain precise figures, since the relevant material is classified, but specialists point out that under current proposals a certain number of missiles can be "zero-optioned"—jargon for unverifiable. A careful estimate prepared by J. Colijn and P. Rusman of the Netherlands suggests that thirty-six of the Pershings will be nonverifiable as plans now stand, while sixty-four GLCMs could easily fall into the same category. Unless future arms-control agreements change substantially in form, the decision to deploy new missiles could easily make SALT III irrelevant before the process begins. Should that occur, arms-control treaties would become symbolic politics for the benefit of public opinion, designed to comfort and reassure, but having little to do with the actual destruction each superpower has aimed at the other.

Second, deployment of the new missiles could lead to a new round of hostility between the United States and the Soviet Union. Discussions with "doves" in Moscow convinced me of the precariousness of their position. For ten years they have been urging the Soviet leadership to negotiate with the United States, on the assumption that Americans could be reasonable. So far they have not been proven wrong, for there has been an impressive amount of cooperation betweeen the two superpowers despite their hostile rhetoric in public. This pattern of cautious cooperation would be threatened by a decision to arm NATO with new missiles. Viewed alongside the MX, the increase in military spending, the courtship of the Chinese and the Cuba nonsense, such a decision would return the two countries to the hostile atmosphere of the late 1940s.

Third, deployment could mean a shift in the world's balance of power. NATO, as Kissinger pointed out, faces internal dissension as the unifying threat of a Soviet invasion recedes. A new round in the arms race thus offers to the Atlanticists a short-term solution to a long-term problem: a quick jolt of anti-Soviet hysteria will shock the alliance into unity. But even if immediately successful, the dose will fail in the long run. Europe may be shifting to the political right for the moment, but one can foresee Soviet initiatives combining with massive protest in Western Europe against the new weapons to produce a rejuvenated Social Democratic movement that would seek to escape from the U.S. nuclear umbrella. Alliances atrophy not when their military strength declines but when they become irrelevant to the new balance of political forces let loose in the world.

The international situation demands exactly the kind of vision that American domestic politics seems to have abandoned. Yet the stakes are so high that one hopes, beyond reason, that Carter will look further than the 1980 primaries to a real world threatened with a new possibility for nuclear destruction. Europe's future, and ours, is in the hands of men who are dangerously unable to see past the next election. □

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WINDFALL TECHNOLOGY

# The Synfuel Giveaway

JOHN TIRMAN

In the early nineteenth century, the brilliant social theorist Henri de Saint-Simon prophesied that the emerging industrial societies would (and should) be administered by the *industriels*—engineers, technicians and businessmen—at the expense of the revolutionary impulses of democracy and equality then current in Europe. The new class, he argued, "shall henceforth do consciously, and with better directed and more useful effort, what they have hitherto done unconsciously, slowly, indecisively, and too ineffectually." The Frenchman maintained that the egalitarian demands popularized by Rousseau would be effortlessly turned aside by the increased productivity and material prosperity the technocrats would achieve.

The Ninety-Sixth Congress now seems intent upon advancing Saint-Simon's vision by a giant leap. Out of its frustration with the difficulties of legislating a coherent, effective energy policy, the Democratic leadership has pushed through bills designed by President Carter and former Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger that will authorize a handful of *industriels* to guide America's energy future. This new vehicle of technocracy is called the Energy Mobilization Board (E.M.B.), and it is designed to hasten the development of synthetic fuels.

The E.M.B./synthetic fuels offensive was launched by the President in his July 15 "national malaise" speech, and has largely been accepted by Congress. In that July address Carter promised the "most massive peacetime commitment of funds in our nation's history," a total of $88 billion over ten years, to develop synfuels. The Carter proposal sailed through the Senate with an additional $14 billion added to it —$7.3 billion in immediate funding. The Iranian crisis provided the impetus, and the House, which authorized only $3 billion months ago, is expected to share the new sense of urgency when the two bills are discussed in conference. Carter's ambitious program, he said at the time, necessitated an Energy Mobilization Board "to make absolutely certain that nothing stands in the way of achieving our goals."

The creation of the E.M.B. is plainly directed at the obstructionist tactics employed with some success by opponents of large energy projects. Oil and utility executives have long complained that environmentalists have prevented new refineries and generating plants from being built, and have delayed plans for nuclear plants, offshore drilling and liquefied natural gas terminals. Businessmen contend that years wasted on environmental impact studies, court battles and work stoppages have sent costs soaring and have retarded domestic energy production. Ecofreaks have blocked coal fields from being stripped, oil from being processed, pipelines from being built—and they have been aided and abetted by weak-kneed regulators and reams of red tape. As Senator Henry Jackson puts it: "We have created an institutional crisis. . . . Everyone has the power to delay decisions on energy projects, and too many decision makers are unwilling to decide."

The E.M.B. will change all that. Although a good deal of skirmishing has occurred in the committees considering E.M.B. bills, the final legislation passed by healthy margins. The Senate opposition led by Edmund Muskie did win some compromises, and his effort was equaled in the lower chamber by Interior and Insular Affairs Committee chairman Morris Udall. There was much confusion about where the President stood on the most controversial aspects of the fight, but it is clear that the Administration anticipates an acceptable final version.

The bill targets agencies (like the Environmental Protection Agency and local zoning boards) and laws (like Federal and state clean air statutes) that were enacted to insure orderly development, environmental protection and public participation. The four-member E.M.B. is empowered to assign priority status to dozens of nonnuclear energy projects, to override Federal, state and local procedural law in order to expedite the decision-making process, and to act on its own if the governing agencies miss deadlines established by the E.M.B. Several Congressmen wanted stronger language that would authorize the E.M.B. to overturn substantive law as well, to throw out pollution laws and land-use ordinances as the E.M.B. saw fit. The House endorsed that authority as embodied in the Commerce Committee bill promoted by Representative John Dingell. Carter supported the Dingell bill, all the while claiming that the Administration would request that the substantive-law waiver be eliminated from the final House-Senate conference version. Because of Carter's equivocation, the final compromise may include the power to vitiate substantive Federal laws. Environmental critics rightly complain that the difference between "substantive" and "procedural" law is often obscure; as one Senate staffer puts it: "In our laws, the procedure is the substance." Critics also charge that a "grandfathering" clause, requiring a complicated series of executive orders, will effectively prevent states and localities from halting ongoing projects that are creating unanticipated problems.

Exactly how the E.M.B. is likely to work can be predicted from past experience in analogous situations. The Trans-Alaskan Pipeline required special Congressional action in 1973 to circumvent further environmental and right-of-way challenges that had delayed its construction. Now, with a glut of crude oil from Prudhoe Bay resting in California, it is apparent that many of the objections that were silenced at the time were correct: the pipeline should have been built to the Midwest, where most of the oil is supposed to go. Charles Cicchetti, now a member of the Wisconsin Public Services Commission, sug-

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gested in a study of the pipeline that the oil companies involved wanted to build it to the Alaskan port of Valdez in hopes of selling Alaskan crude to the Japanese. A fuller debate at the time might have averted the current fiasco. Another case: in 1970 a New York corporate lawyer set up a company, Maine Clean Fuels, and applied for a permit to build an oil refinery and terminal on Sears Island in pristine Penobscot Bay, Maine. After months of public hearings and debate, the state's Environmental Improvement Commission voted to deny the permit. *Maine Times* editor John Cole offers this assessment of the case: "The primary lesson learned . . . was the recognition that governing bodies must first design and produce the legal tools for allowing and channeling public participation. Without the Site Location Law . . . the Maine debate over the issue would quite likely have been useless." If there had been an E.M.B. in 1970-71, however, the "procedural" protection of public debate could have been sidestepped and the ill-considered project approved.

The E.M.B. itself is likely to become an unwieldy bureaucracy; it typically takes years for new Federal bodies to hit their stride and work effectively. And the board's actions will not foreclose lengthy court battles. By raising serious constitutional questions of federalism, it may even provoke more litigation, as Senator Abraham Ribicoff has suggested, simply adding to the burdens of energy deployment.

But the technology the board is designed to expedite is also likely to be costly, wasteful, environmentally harmful and burdensome in its own right. Its chief beneficiaries will be the oil companies, not the people.

There's nothing really new about synthetic fuels. The Nazis flew their planes with oil from coal near the end of World War II, and shale oil was being produced before Colonel Drake ushered in the petroleum age at Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859. But the cost of synthetics development has been prohibitive. Small pilot projects have been launched in recent years by oil companies and the Government to improve the technology and test the feasibility of producing large quantities. In fiscal 1979, the Department of Energy's outlay for synfuels was $350 million, most of it going to the oil companies—Exxon, Gulf, Mobil and others. But even with the tax subsidies and America's need to curtail OPEC imports, the oil giants have been unwilling to press synfuel development because of its high costs. The most optimistic estimates peg synfuel at $30 per barrel, about 50 percent higher than Saudi crude.

Even some conservative economists and oilmen have been cautious in their endorsement of the plan, although they will play along if their own risk is minimized. John Sawhill, one of Nixon's energy czars and now a Deputy Secretary of Energy, offers the conventional wisdom: "The success of the synfuel program will require some incentives to private industry, either in the form of price guarantees or subsidized loans." The national commitment to synfuels, financed by the windfall profits tax is, he says, "synonymous with energy independence."

The commitment to synfuels certainly means healthy profits for the major oil companies owning vast coal deposits that will operate the plants. The Carter program guarantees them a market and a rate of return that a "free market" would not. The irony of this scam should not be overlooked: the oil companies, bursting with excess profits from OPEC price hikes and fuel decontrol, will have the windfall taxes on those profits returned to them to produce synthetic oil for guaranteed prices. And, of course, their coal reserves will be more valuable as well.

In an industry notorious for oligopoly, the synfuel program will compound the effects of market concentration. A confidential Federal Trade Commission report, made available exclusively to *The Nation,* notes that there is "evidence to suggest that the oil companies have sought the capability to control the pace of synfuel development." Energy conglomerates that produce and market competing fuels "can bring this technology to commercialization at the rate at which total profits are maximized. A firm in this position has an incentive to use its market power to discourage potential competitors."

Moreover, the synfuel advocates, with their claims of production levels and technical competence, are playing loose with the truth. The process by which synthetic fuels are produced is itself energy-intensive. Three times more energy is required to produce a barrel of synthetic oil than in conventional drilling. That means that the *net* energy produced is lower than claimed. The evidence that large-scale coal liquefaction is even feasible is somewhat in doubt. Last year, Dr. L.E. Swabb of Exxon observed that "assuming coal liquefaction is viable, commercial plants could come on stream in the late 1990s. . . . We are not satisfied with what

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we have now." And then there is the question of coal production: the President's synfuel target will require an additional 230 million tons of coal per year, 25 percent more than Carter's ambitious goal in the National Energy Plan, which even two years ago was widely regarded as being unreachable.

Even more troubling than this gift to the oil barons, though, are the frightening implications for the environment and the colossal cost of the program. The likely ecological effects are awesome. All synfuel production requires massive amounts of water, which is already in short supply in the Western region most often mentioned for plant siting. Large quantities of ash waste are produced and must be disposed of. And the fuel itself burns dirty. A study conducted for the Council on Environmental Quality by a group of prominent scientists warns that widespread use of synfuels would hasten an already worrisome trend toward dangerously high levels of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, which creates the infamous "greenhouse" effect—the gradual warming of the earth's atmosphere. Although the multiple pollution problems of synfuels were pressed upon Carter by a coalition of environmental activists during his Camp David summiteering, he has disregarded their admonitions.

The economics of synfuels are equally burdensome. The Rand Corporation, evaluating the likely cost ecalation based on past Government performance with public projects and weapons procurement, anticipates cost overruns of around 300 percent, perhaps as high as 500 percent. That could raise the synfuel project to $400 billion over the next decade. As *The Wall Street Journal* commented, "Aside from the question of ending up with an inefficient, obsolete technology after a crash effort, there is the matter of diverting capital resources from the rest of the economy." Couple that with the President's hope to build another 100 or so nuclear power plants at more than a billion dollars each, and we will have a severe capital shortage in the coming decade that can only exacerbate our current economic woes.

Although our Washington decision makers are reluctant to admit it, alternatives to imported oil *and* synfuels *and* nuclear power do exist. As Daniel Yergin and Robert Stobaugh argue in their recent Harvard Business School report on energy policy, the most thrifty and efficient tools available are conservation and solar technologies. Carter usually mentions conservation only as a voluntary measure, and his much-trumpeted solar energy initiatives amount to a tiny fraction of that promised for nukes and synfuel. Yet with conservation alone, a 20 percent reduction in total energy demand (currently 38 million barrels per day of oil equivalent)—considered to be relatively easy with technical alterations in existing equipment—would reduce consumption by an equivalent of more than 7 million barrels per day, *more than all the oil we import from OPEC.*

This simple wisdom is lost in the halls of Congress and the White House. Our energy future is more and more visibly in the hands of technocrats and industrialists. Saint-Simon tailored their ideology more than 150 years ago: their "particular interests are perfectly in accord with the common interest." Jimmy Carter couldn't have said it better. □

# Public Papers and Private Gain

M.B. SCHNAPPER

Who "owns" the millions of cubic feet of memorandums, reports, correspondence, tapes, dictographs and other matter, momentous and ephemeral, that public servants generate while in office? When the blue-ribboned Public Documents Commission addressed the issue in its 1977 report, it concluded that "all records and documents accumulated by all federal officials in the discharge of their duties should be recognized . . . [as] the property of the United States." Yet the question keeps cropping up as though nobody knows the answer. It's the key issue in a pending Supreme Court case relating to the transcripts of telephone calls Henry Kissinger made while serving the Nixon Administration. Kissinger claims the papers are his personal property because his duties didn't require him to generate them. A group of assorted journalists and scholars insists that the transcripts are public property subject to the Freedom of Information Act.

Like former President Gerald Ford, Kissinger blocked off both official and public access to his files by donating his papers to the Government through a deed of gift reserving to himself exclusive access for years to come. (See editorial, "Cornering History," *The Nation*, May 5.) This sort of stratagem has substantial political and pecuniary advantages. It freezes out successive Presidents as well as journalists and scholars, facilitates manipulation of public opinion and increases the profits derived from memoirs. Kissinger, incidentally, is reported to have made as much as $5 million on his *White House Years*, a book based largely on classified papers he donated to the Library of Congress.

In the case of Presidential materials, Congress became so distressed over Richard Nixon's attempt to sequester his mischievous tapes that it passed the Presidential Records Act of 1978, which affirms that Presidential documents are public property. But the law has a loophole that allows President Carter to treat the records of his Administration as his personal merchandise. By adroitly promising he'd donate his papers to the Government, he headed off the risk of their falling under the statute's strictures. Significantly, he didn't make his pledge to Congress; he made it to one of his temporary appointees, Joel Solomon, head of the General Services Administration until last April, when he was pushed out for overzealously investigating the multimillion-dollar scandals in his agency. Carter's promise is not, of course, legally binding—certainly no more so than all those promises he made in his 1976 campaign. By not questioning his presumed ownership rights Congress unfortunately gave him a

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free hand not only to withhold from the National Archives any materials he does not want the public to see but also to restrict access to and use of the documents he does donate.

The legitimacy of Presidential claims to ownership of White House records by virtue of "custom" has always been fuzzy. Several newly discovered documents reveal that in recent years the "custom" has been based on blatant circumvention of a statute stipulating that Presidential files were public property. Such circumvention enabled President Harry S. Truman and successor Chief Executives to retain ownership control over their papers in what appears to be clear violation of the law.

Ironically, Harry S. Truman had let it be known early in his Administration that he adamantly opposed the treatment of Government documents as private property. Without naming names, he gave hell to several members of Roosevelt's Cabinet—notably Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes—for rushing into print with books based on files they had removed when they left office. "The President feels strongly about this," William Stringer, a Washington correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*, told readers of the paper on January 29, 1947. "[He feels that] the public papers of any top official, from the President on down, should remain the property of the government. . . . He will not, repeat not, take with him his state papers when he leaves the White House. Mr. Truman also [is considering] . . . asking Congress for a law restricting the withdrawal of state papers for personal use by chief executives, Cabinet members and other top officials after—or before—they quit the government."

As Truman's second term began drawing to an end he had a change of heart. "Truman was no fool," according to an information officer of his Administration. "He created the public impression that he was treating the papers as public property as F.D.R. did, but he actually turned the clock back. What's worse, he gave impetus to what became a tax deduction racket that has probably cost the nation many millions of dollars. . . . He carted off to Missouri most of his Presidential documents; all he left behind was routine stuff. He obviously didn't want Eisenhower or his aides to learn what went on in the White House before Ike moved in. . . . There were other considerations. Truman needed his files in connection with his lucrative memoirs. . . . I think he also had in mind tax deductions he and his family might later enjoy by donating his records to the Truman Library for self-memorialization at the taxpayer's expense."

What Truman wanted to do with his White House records was more or less settled by the spring of 1951, but it remained for the Justice Department to devise a scheme that enabled him—and, as it turned out, succeeding Presidents—to bypass the Constitution's Government property clause* and statutes stipulating that officially generated records were Government property. After informal talks between White House aides and Attorney General J. Howard McGrath, the Justice Department came up with a memorandum which advised Truman how to transform his Presidential files into personal property. Drafted on July 24, 1951, by Assistant Attorney General Ellis Lyons in consultation with Truman aide George Elsey, this secret memorandum sheds some fascinating light on the scenario Truman followed. While there is no proof that successor Presidents did the same in every detail, the similarity of their practices to his suggests more than coincidence.

Strictly speaking, according to the Lyons memorandum, treatment of Presidential records as private property was incompatible with the Federal Property and Administrative Services Act of 1949 and the Federal Records Act of 1950. "The Presidency," Lyons pointed out in an analysis of the 1949 statute, "seems to have been regarded by Congress as a Federal agency, the official records of which would be subject to deposit [with the National Archives] pursuant to Section 507." Moreover, another provision of this law, as amended in 1950, encompassed the files of "any executive agency," a term defined as "any . . . establishment in the executive branch." In addition, other parts of the statute "appear to be applicable" to White House records as Government property, a concept confirmed by a Senate committee distinction between the official records "of the President and other high-level Government officials" and their "personal papers." Especially troublesome was an explicit passage in the Senate report noting that any restrictions placed on Government records stored by the National Archives "could, of course, be removed by a successor in office."

The sensible thing to do, Lyons advised Truman, "would be to treat as official papers only that narrow category of files" which have not "normally" been "taken" by a President when he leaves office—i.e., routine or inconsequential White House documents. The rest of Truman's records could be carted off as personal property by virtue of "custom" and stored by the National Archives (at the taxpayers' expense, of course) under an arrangement whereby

*Article IV of the Constitution gives Congress sole "Power to dispose of . . . Property belonging to the United States."

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they became gifts to the Truman Library subject to restrictions forbidding their disclosure to successor administrations and the public at large without Truman's personal consent or that of his heirs.

> This construction of the statutes [Lyons declared] would be the most convenient to administer. . . . The question arises, however, whether a later President, General Services Administrator [or] Archivist could challenge the determination of the present incumbent . . . that certain papers were personal. . . . They might contend that certain papers were in fact "official" and that the acts of deposit and acceptance under restrictions permissible only as to "personal" papers were illegal and could be set aside. One way of forestalling such a challenge might be for President Truman to note specifically that [his] restrictions . . . were effective not only against the general public but also against successor Presidents, General Services Administrators, Archivists and their staffs. Being unable to see the papers in question, they would have difficulty in refuting the designation under which they had been accepted. Such action [by Truman] might not be necessary since it appears likely that [his] restrictions . . . would be binding upon everyone, including the aforementioned officials; furthermore [such action] might seem gratuitously insulting, raising suspicions and bringing pressure upon Mr. Truman, after leaving office, to modify his restrictions. The better policy would undoubtedly be to rely upon all concerned not to challenge the restrictions imposed. The interpretation of the statute suggested herein should stand up under attack, especially since it would constitute . . . construction of the law by those authorities charged with carrying it out.

Lyons's memo overlooked very little. To "ensure that the President's purposes . . . would not be frustrated in the event of his death," he proposed that Truman draw up a codicil to his will granting ownership of his files to his heirs. It was also "desirable" for Truman to include in his will a provision empowering "a committee of trusted friends to segregate the papers and determine the restrictions" that should be placed on them, subject to agreement, modification or revocation by his heirs. No files, Lyons cautioned, should be turned over to the National Archives without prior acceptance by the Government of Truman's terms.

On January 17, 1953, three days before Eisenhower's inauguration, Truman confided to G.S.A. Administrator Jess Larsen (a Truman appointee) that he was removing "my personal papers," noting that this was "in accord with conclusions reached" jointly by White House aides and "representatives of your [agency]." These "personal papers," Truman acknowledged, "consist mainly . . . of those accumulated by me during my tenure as President of the United States, but there are some which I acquired while Vice President and Senator." Larsen was asked to provide funding for "the custody, storage, and review of the papers" pending Truman's decision as to which were suitable for deposit in the Truman Library via donations.

Since many papers may have "no historical value," Truman added, "the material [to be] deposited will not necessarily be voluminous." As of 1973, a year after his death, approximately eight million pages of "personal" papers had been donated by him and his heirs; how many were discarded, withheld, or distributed "for sentimental reasons . . . to [my] relatives or friends" is unknown. The "most significant part" of Truman "personal" records, donated to the Truman Library by his heirs in 1975, "are only now being made available," Richard Kirkendall, executive secretary of the Organization of American Historians, advised the House Government Information Subcommittee on March 2,1978. Many dealt with matters previously declassified by the State Department and the Defense Department. Although Truman prided himself with being an American history buff, he evidently discarded most of his Senatorial records; only a negligible number in the Truman Library pertain to his Congressional career and his previous public service. According to Herbert Feis, a former high-level State Department official, Truman kept many records "out of the custody of the Truman Library . . . to make sure that no one will see them until after he is dead" ("The Shackled Historian," *Foreign Affairs*, January 1967).

Inplicit in Lyons's recommendations was considerable forethought about tax benefits Truman and his heirs could enjoy through spaced-out donations to the National Archives of private property (that is to say, White House records transmuted into "personal" papers), but a bobtailed section on "Tax Consequences" in the memorandum's initial version, dated April 6, 1951, is limited to deductions available under Missouri laws. Both versions contain phrasing obliquely alluding to benefits under Federal statutes evidently discussed in missing pages devoted to "legal and economic matters which President Truman may not have wished to become common knowledge and which his heirs may still not wish spread on the public record." This 1974 comment by Assistant Attorney General Antonin Scalia, coupled with circumstantial evidence, suggests that Truman and possibly his heirs took substantial Federal income tax deductions on annual donations of his White House files to the Government between 1957 and 1972.

A year after Truman vacated the White House, Congress included in the 1954 Internal Revenue Act a clause that seemed to have no relevance to the Truman papers or, for that matter, any documents generated by public servants in the course of performing their duties. Ostensibly devised for the benefit of authors, composers and artists, this clause sanctioned tax deductions on "charitable contributions" of "a copyright, a literary, musical or artistic composition, or similar property . . . held by a taxpayer whose personal efforts created such property." Not until fifteen years later did it turn out that this clause was being quietly construed to mean that highly placed officeholders (including Presidents and ex-Presidents) were entitled to deductions on donations of their "personal" papers to the Government.

Legerdemain had a great deal to do with the Presidential Libraries Act of 1955. As its chief sponsor, House Majority Leader John McCormack (D., Mass.), coyly explained, this measure had "other purposes" besides "establishment and maintenance of Presidential libraries." One of these camouflaged purposes was to make it easier for Truman (and by extension other Presidents and other officeholders) to transform public records into private property, store them away at public expense, restrict access to them and take tax deductions on them. □

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# SYMPOSIUM.

# Kissinger's Memoirs

## Cambodia and the New Order

SYDNEY H. SCHANBERG

At a cocktail party in Singapore in 1973, Theodore Mataxis, a retired brigadier general who had recently been in charge of American arms deliveries in Cambodia and who was now a private arms dealer in Southeast Asia, provided a rare moment of official candor about the American involvement in Cambodia.

He raised the subject of a military offensive that had been attempted by the American-supported Lon Nol Army in 1971—code-named Tchenla II—and berated the press for having called the operation a disaster. At least twenty-five Cambodian battalions had been wiped out, so I was baffled by his comment. Was it not indeed a disaster, I asked him. No, he said, "it was an unmitigated success." Tell me why, I said. "Because," he replied, "those battalions were able to tie up two or three mainline North Vietnamese divisions who would otherwise have been killing American soldiers in Vietnam."

I had only one more question: Would he have called the operation a success if the twenty-five battalions had been American? "Of course not," he said in a tone that suggested I had become deranged. "But that's what we paid for. That's why we built the Cambodian Army. To fight for us. To help us with our withdrawal from Vietnam. And it worked."

If you like General Mataxis's view of the Cambodian conflict, then you are going to love Henry Kissinger's treatment of Cambodia in the first volume of his memoirs (*White House Years*, Little, Brown and Company, $22.50).

For Kissinger posits the same thesis: That the American incursion into Cambodia in 1970 was an inescapable necessity, that all other options were unthinkable and that it "achieved our main goals." "The attack on the sanctuaries made our withdrawal from Vietnam easier," he writes. "It saved lives." His claim—and that is all it is—is about American lives; he does not discuss what the United States' entry into Cambodia did to the people who lived there.

He describes the incursion as an instrument for furthering his larger design of trying to "build the new international order." "Cambodia was *not* [the italics are his] a moral issue," he says. "What we faced was an essentially tactical choice." This is the crucial argument and the one on which Kissinger's credibility must stand or fall.

This reporter, who watched the conflict from a lowly position on the ground inside Cambodia, saw a war quite different from the one Kissinger describes. It was a war in which Kissinger recommended only minuscule amounts of refugee aid, when hundreds of millions of dollars were being spent annually on military assistance (the American bombing in Cambodia, perhaps the heaviest in the world's history, added billions more; it was counted separately by the Pentagon, on a different budget ledger). In 1970-71, the first year of the war, no money at all was given for refugees or food relief. In the second year, $1 million was granted. In that same year, Kissinger had his aide, William Sullivan, testify before a Senate subcommittee that there was really no significant refugee problem in Cambodia because the family structure there was by tradition such a strong one that nearly all refugees flowing into Phnom Penh were being sheltered by relatives.

The truth was that the refugee problem was horrendous. By the end of the war, half of the seven million Cambodian people had become refugees. What I and other witnesses saw was a country whose entire agricultural system had been destroyed or disrupted, which meant a sharp drop in the amount of daily food available per Cambodian. Slowly but inexorably, malnutrition spread and intensified. By 1974, it was killing scores of people every day in the capital city alone.

There are so many distortions and omissions in Kissinger's account that it is difficult to know where to start.

He says, for example, that "the United States believed . . . that [Prince Norodom] Sihanouk's bold re-entry into Phnom Penh [after being deposed by the Lon Nol group in March 1970] to face down his opponents would have turned the tide of events and was in everybody's best interest." But where, on the record, is there evidence that Kissinger, publicly or privately, ever said or did anything to try to bring about Sihanouk's speedy return? His explanation for failure to act is that events moved too fast for him and "we did not even grasp its [Sihanouk's ouster] significance for many weeks." The news reports from the scene at the time, however, were quite explicit about the significance—these reports were carried on the front pages of the major papers.

Nine days after Sihanouk's ouster, with Cambodia in turmoil, Kissinger tells us, "I went on a long-scheduled vacation for a week." Certainly the President's national security adviser is entitled to holidays, but this is a vacation that stands out jarringly in a chapter where Kissinger repeatedly professes his deep concern for "the gentle people" of "poor Cambodia."

Just how concerned was Kissinger about "the gentle people" between 1970 and 1975? Did he use the Cambodians as pawns in his global maneuvering? Here are some personal glimpses at the possible truth.

President Nixon announced the American incursion on national television at 9 P.M. on April 30, 1970, but Kissinger and his President had apparently failed to consult, or even tell, the Cambodian Government he now de-

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*Sydney H. Schanberg, a former foreign and domestic correspondent for* The New York Times, *was named metropolitan editor of the newspaper in May 1977. In 1975 he was one of the few Western correspondents to witness the fall of Cambodia, and in 1976 he was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for international reporting "at great risk" for his Cambodian coverage.*

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scribes as our brave ally anything about it. A transcript of the speech was coming across the American Embassy's telex machine as Mr. Nixon spoke, but the line went down midway through the text, so it was not delivered to Lon Nol until hours afterward. The Cambodian Government got its first briefing from an American journalist, who had listened to a Voice of America account on his radio and was asked by a surprised and confused Lon Non, brother of Lon Nol, to provide a translation in French.

Throughout his version of the Cambodian war, Kissinger accuses his critics of being responsible for Cambodia's desperate plight now and dismisses them as people guilty of "a headlong retreat from responsibility." He adds: "If anything doomed the free Cambodians, it was war weariness in the United States."

Henry Kissinger visited Cambodia only once during the war—a side trip from Saigon on October 22, 1972, to explain the then-being-negotiated Vietnam peace agreement to Lon Nol. He spent a total of four hours in the country. He made only two stops—the American Embassy and the Presidential palace. He did not seek to visit a hospital, a refugee camp or a malnutrition clinic to see the true condition of "the gentle people."

Kissinger goes to enormous lengths to try to persuade the reader that he made repeated, sincere efforts to open peace negotiations with the Communist side in Cambodia. But in 1974, when the Khmer Rouge leader, Khieu Samphan, was traveling through Eastern Europe, where Washington had embassies and good diplomatic contacts, the American Ambassador in Phnom Penh, John Gunther Dean, sent a strong appeal to Kissinger, urging him to make an attempt at initiating private peace talks with the Cambodian Communist official. Kissinger rejected the idea out of hand, arguing that meaningful negotiations were impossible because the battlefield position of the Lon Nol Army was weak at the time and the Communists held all the cards. But the battlefield situation of the Government Army was never anything but weak throughout the war, which by Kissinger's logic would seem to mean that negotiations were never possible.

Episodes such as these have given rise to the contention that it was Kissinger who helped create the conditions that made it possible for the monstrous Pol Pot regime to seize control of the country in 1975. For such critics, he reserves some special name-calling; he dubs them "apologists for the murderous Khmer Rouge."

But is it not a legitimate question—and not an apologia—to ask how the Khmer Rouge could have grown from a ragtag collection of no more than 5,000 ineffectual and disorganized guerrillas in 1970 to a disciplined, killer army of 70,000 by 1975, with an intimidated, indoctrinated, robotlike following of hundreds of thousands of other villagers? Could this Frankenstein machine have come to life without the war that Kissinger's decisions expanded and prolonged —as he puts it, for tactical, not moral, reasons, in order to produce his "new international order"?

Is it not also reasonable to ask whether Kissinger's dismissal of morality as irrelevant in his Cambodian policy puts him outside this country's elemental traditions of law, fairness and morality? By his own description of his thinking, does he not belong to a different historical and ethical tradition?

Perhaps the most telling self-revelation in Kissinger's book is that he almost never talks about ordinary humans, about the effect his policies might have—and did have—on little people. Instead, the themes that dominate have to do with sculpting geopolitical arrangements and global balances. But what about the human price?

It would of course be naïve to suggest that human rights and moral concerns be the only considerations in the formation of foreign policy. But could it not be argued, pragmatically and hardheadedly, that giving human concerns a modest weight of, say, 20 percent or 30 percent in foreign affairs might produce a policy that would serve our national self-interest far better than one that leaves people out? International good will, though not as measurable as armies or territory, is a very real foreign policy tool—a resource that, I would argue, Kissinger needlessly squandered.

But in the end, perhaps, we should thank Kissinger for being so candid in this book about his priorities. One can hope that by revealing himself and the process behind his decisions, he has made it easier for us to make clearer choices in the future about how we want our foreign affairs conducted. □

# Domestic Maneuvers

JAMES DUFFY

*White House Years* makes abundantly clear that Henry Kissinger, had he so desired, could have run the domestic operations of the Nixon Administration. Given his adroitness as an infighter, there is no reason to suppose that he could not easily have arrogated to himself the functions of, say, the Bureau of Fisheries or all of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. And he was, after all, Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs in a period (1969-73) when the term "national security" was still elastic enough to blanket almost any subject.

But Kissinger did not do to Robert Finch what he did to William Rogers. He seems to have been content with exercising the authority of the Secretaries of State and Defense and, to a lesser extent, the head of the Central Intelligence Agency and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. (The Treasury Department was in large part spared, either because of the author's self-admitted lack of assurance in economic matters or his awe of John Connally.)

Kissinger's memoirs offer some clues as to why Nixon's domestic accomplishments were so meager. He gives the impression that Nixon would rather bite into what David Bruce once called "the lush melon of foreign policy" than the sticky taffy of American social issues. Formal state visits abroad

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were far more appealing than untidy public confrontations at home: "[Nixon] understood foreign psychologies better than those of most Americans," Kissinger writes. "Perhaps he considered them less of a threat."

Kissinger indirectly confirms my own conclusion that Nixon's domestic initiatives were geared to the needs of the moment; the President had neither the vision nor the determination to see them through. Thus, the much-heralded family assistance plan, touted in 1969 as "one of the dozen or half-dozen most important pieces of domestic legislation in American history" had sunk without a trace by 1973.

The former Assistant tells us that the ambitious proposals in the 1970 State of the Union and Budget messages for "increased funding for family assistance, food subsidies, cleaner air and water and transportation improvements" were included to counter Congressional critics demanding a reallocation of resources from ABMs and MIRVs to domestic programs, "to preempt the opposition by speaking eloquently of the need to reorder national priorities." And, Kissinger recounts, Nixon told Prime Minister Edward Heath in 1971 that one of his problems in taking foreign policy initiatives was the "growing obsession with domestic problems" of the hated "Establishment."

The author is unsparing of his chief. Time and again we see Nixon unwilling to confront staff disagreements, insecure in the presence of strangers, in need of constant reassurance from his aides. We are told that press conferences "usually left him so drained that he sought to avoid stress for days afterward," and that as Commander in Chief, he frequently gave "no recourse" orders which "close associates had come to recognize would better serve the public if not implemented."

Kissinger, of course, makes clear that he was able to handle "this lonely, tortured, and insecure man." He was probably successful in this because of his evident shrewdness and self-confidence (he tells us that his only sleepless night while in office was the one preceding his secret first trip to China—quite an admission when one considers the Administration's Vietnam policy), his grand design for the conduct of foreign affairs and his predilection, ardently shared by the President, for secrecy and close-to-the-vest decision making centered within the White House. It is hard to think of a domestic adviser to Nixon with qualities and compatibilities comparable to Kissinger's. Haldeman? Ehrlichman? Mitchell? Finch? Romney? All lacked one or more of the ingredients of Kissinger's formula for success.

Kissinger is savagely unsympathetic to all critics of the Vietnam War, whether from the Congress, the press or the universities. He acknowledges a "special feeling" for the students who were demonstrating, while at the same time characterizing them as rudderless, self-indulgent and rootless as the result of being brought up by "skeptics, relativists and psychiatrists." He delights in pointing up protesters' ill-timed or ill-informed proposals for ending the war —ill-timed or ill-informed more often than not because those protesting were not privy to the secret maneuverings of the Assistant to the President.

The author claims that he met frequently with dissidents, attempting to explain the Administration's point of view. Yet he refuses to recognize the idealism and the concern for what the war was doing to the social and economic fabric of the United States, which motivated so much of the protest.

Nor does he recognize how the Administration exacerbated domestic conflict. He notes that the beating of protesters by construction workers in New York City's financial area in 1970 "shocked some into realization that a breakdown of civil order could backfire dangerously against the demonstrators," but does not mention Nixon's obscene and provocative White House reception for the leaders of the construction thugs several days later.

There is abundant "linkage" between our foreign and domestic policies and priorities; Kissinger, the supreme advocate of "linkage," does not often recognize it. Had he done so, the possibility

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for effective communication between the Administration and critics of the war might have been greater and he might have had the domestic support he wanted as he negotiated with Hanoi.

However much one disagrees with Kissinger, *White House Years* is a fascinating book. Kissinger writes as Mabel Mercer sings; he knows what the words mean. And of the words, "nuance" is his favorite; figuring out which nuances he is trying to convey makes an intriguing game. What, for example, is one to think of this sentence:

> He [Nixon] conducted his diplomatic encounters by learning by heart the talking points prepared for him—which, in fairness, were drafted to reflect his views if they had previously been discussed between us.

Future Presidential appointees will avoid this book at their peril; it is an unequaled do-it-yourself manual for the conduct of both intramural and extramural negotiations. They will also follow Kissinger's precepts at their peril; the components of secrecy and deception were unacceptably high in his mode of operation. But I pity any future Assistant who has not read this book and who becomes locked in competition with one who has. □

# The Grand Vizier

BLAIR CLARK

Somewhere in these 780,000 words Kissinger uses the term "Orwellian" (in the *1984* sense, of course) and one wishes that master had had this book before him when he wrote his essay on language and politics, for it commits every one of the crimes against sense and decency that George Orwell attacked.

The tone of Kissinger's heavy but not weighty tome shifts between the monumental and the trivial, from that of the Statesman on his pedestal to that of the sly observer of power's uses and users scuttling down the corridors of all those capitals. He is the Republic's first Grand Vizier.

The last grand vizier in the U.S.A., as

*... is a contributing editor of* The Nation.

against the caliphate of the Abbassid dynasty, requires a Nixon as President. That is, for the "burden-bearer" to exercise power, indirectly most of the time, there must be a chief of government who is "not by nature courageous" (though capable, according to Kissinger, of "acts of rare courage"—mostly violent, it should be added, and here he is thinking of the outrageous Cambodian intervention). And it is useful to the vizier if the "leader's" style of action is pathologically devious.

Nixon's character was of that kind, of course, as Kissinger divined even before they set out together for the White House. The courtier then maneuvered his way through the clashing bureaucracies into increasingly influential positions, "conceptualizing" and executing the designs of a President he looked on with contempt. Naturally, however, this work is no exposé, except perhaps of the nature of the author himself, done unconsciously.

It is hard to decide which part of this $5 million memoir is the more distasteful—the clip-clop narrative of "the triumph and tragedy" of the Nixon Administration (yes, he uses that phrase) or the quasi philosophizing which lards the 1,476-page text. Both can be mined for nuggets of claptrap, vulgarism and plain bad usage.

"He was alone in his moment of triumph," writes Kissinger of Nixon in the very last paragraph, "on a pinnacle, that was soon to turn into a precipice." The triumph the author refers to is the "peace" agreement on Vietnam, three and a half years in the making and about what could have been had in early 1969, tens of thousands of deaths before. He is so carried away by the view from that height that he fails to notice that pinnacles cannot "turn into" precipices, being by definition precipitous. There are scores of similar howlers.

The style is sharpest when Kissinger is slyly cutting up the colleagues with whom he impatiently shared the power that lay around Nixon's unstructured imperium waiting to be seized by the more ambitious and unscrupulous of the henchmen. But he never uses forthright obloquy; that would be unfitting for a Statesman. His magisterial reserve, however, tends to break down when he makes snide cracks about the entourage, not to mention Nixon himself, a frequent target when he is not being praised for following Kissinger's advice. All this knife-work is done with that "self-deprecating" touch that is so highly prized in the political village of Washington. It is called humor.

Examples of abominable taste and style are on almost every page of a book composed in a combination of journalese, bureaucratese and what might be called scholarese. What can be said, for instance, of this sentence on the North Vietnamese in Cambodia: "It was they, not we, who had decided on a fight to the finish on [*sic*] the bleeding body of a people that only wanted to be left alone"? Just about everything is wrong with that formulation, from imagery through morality to plain fact. And what to make of his comment on the "texture" of the Peking "summit," which he calls "uniform" to distinguish it from the "more random and jagged" quality of the Moscow equivalent?

Take this example of "fine writing," axiomatic division: ". . . policy emerges when concept encounters opportunity." It reads as logically, and emptily, if you exchange any of the three nouns for another, as in "concept emerges when policy encounters opportunity." And so on in a style that has, incredibly but naturally, made George Will in *Newsweek* compare Kissinger's thinking to Machiavelli's.

The whole book is really about what used to be called "crisis management," as practiced by Kissinger. But the difference between him and his relatively innocent predecessors in this art in the Truman through Johnson eras is that they "managed" the crises that occurred whereas he acted to create crises that could then be managed. It is a sinister distinction.

Kissinger can't get "crisis" off his mind, which is natural since it was the coin of his realm. He even writes of his first meeting with the Chinese leaders, at the start of his "triangular" diplomacy, that for Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai it "had to be a personal, intellectual and emotional crisis" to meet with himself, the American plenipotentiary.

On another "crisis," over Cambodia

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and its possible threat to the Moscow "summit" Nixon so desperately wanted, it is hard to match the sheer bad taste of Kissinger's account of Nixon's motives: "What would more discomfort his shrill opponents than emerging unexpectedly as a peacemaker and sitting down with the Soviets while beating up on their allies?"

Finally, Kissinger evidently cannot even correctly define the "détente" which he made into a household word. As he formulates it, "Détente could never replace a balance of power; it would be the result of equilibrium, not a substitute for it." One might expect him to admit that history is full of examples of "equilibrium" or "détente" between unequal powers when that relaxed condition suited their temporary needs.

Kissinger represents the corruption of American power, both in its ends and in the means it employs. It is therefore natural that this book should be written in a corrupted language. History, if there is to be any after he and his kind have completed their "game plans," is likely to remember him as the great exploiter—of others, of American foreign policy, and finally of himself, the public servant who hastened to sell the dishonest tale of his experience of power for a large fortune. □

# The Compleat Courtier

## LAURENCE LAFORE

*White House Years* illuminates a lot of things, not least brightly those spacious expanses of Government where flexibility overlaps with chaos and where our foreign policy is made. Any diplomatic action abroad must be prefaced *and* accompanied by a whole series of little wars against bureaucratic private armies on the Washington battlefields. Their number keeps growing; new ones, like the National Security Council, keep being invented in an effort to govern the struggle among previous contenders. They all fail, and the only governing of foreign policy that can be done is by ever more Byzantine manipulations, recalling the courts of the Hapsburgs and the Romanovs.

Kissinger's studies of the Congress of Vienna served him well in Washington; his special talent was for just such manipulation. More clearly, perhaps, than he intended, he shows us the complexities of jungle warfare among the large forces (themselves engaged in perpetual internal civil war) of Congress, the Pentagon, the State Department, the embassies abroad, his own staff, the White House staff and (what is not at all the same as the White House) the President himself, along with a dozen other varying ad hoc sovereignties. He also shows how such a system *must* produce subtle, ingenious and rather ruthless people like himself if it is to function at all.

He was, it appears, made Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs to circumvent the numerous forces (chiefly the State Department, which Nixon, like most recent Presidents, distrusted and despised) that threatened the President's independence in making foreign policy. But he seems to have ended up spending much of his time circumventing Nixon. Kissinger inserted ideas into the boss's head and stood ready to frustrate him when he threatened to torpedo those ideas in one of his spasms of exuberance. Having painstakingly and circuitously crept toward an "opening" to China, in May of 1970 Kissinger was faced with a Presidential order to move the Seventh Fleet to the Straits of Taiwan in order to threaten Peking because of its objections to the U.S. attack on Cambodia. "I want them there," Nixon wrote of the Navy, "within 24 hours." This demolition of the framework for the Chinese opening was averted by Kissinger's talking Nixon out of his "pique." On other occasions, more indirect methods were necessary. In preparation for his trip to Peking, the President, obsessed as ever by his craving to outclass Kennedy, invited André Malraux to the White House, as Kennedy had done as a tribute to France's most celebrated man of letters, to brief him on China. Nixon was enchanted: Malraux was, as always, brilliant, but his knowledge of China was old and his recommendations, Kissinger judged, were either obsolete or premature. It was necessary, Kissinger elegantly writes, for American advisers to "marry" Malraux's "intuitions to the operational knowledge we were gradually acquiring."

In some ways, Kissinger's success in outmaneuvering everybody in Washington is frightening. But it is not so frightening as the system that made his special talents necessary. □

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# Geopolitical Tango

## RICHARD FALK

The heroes of a civilization mirror its fantasies and aspirations. Henry Kissinger is no exception to the rule. His memoirs, at once massive and lightweight, display both his sensibility and ideology. There are no surprises, only confirmation after confirmation, in the 1,476 pages, that Kissinger combines the worst features of the European and American national characters. His approach is an alarming mixture of the Bismarckian geopolitician—moving the destinies of entire peoples around the chessboard of diplomacy—and of the rednecked American master manipulator. When the Continental geopolitics of the last century is mixed with native American pragmatism, the resultant brew is lethal.

Besides all the expected posturing and post hoc rationalization, there is very little intellectual substance to be found in these memoirs. There is, to be sure, Kissinger's familiar stress on "national interests," "stability," "regional and global balances of power" and "equilibrium." And there is beneath this rather abstract rhetoric of statecraft an evident world view: that the United States must aggressively use its military power to provide "leadership" and to support its "friends" (that is, any foreign leaders who do our bidding). Morality, doing "the right thing," always involves for Kissinger a willing-

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ness to use military power, especially if prudence or scruple counsels restraint. Idealism is nothing other than using the mailed fist of the Pentagon on behalf of some anti-Marxist struggle.

Kissinger's reports of such diverse experiences as ending the Vietnam War, responding to Salvador Allende's electoral victory and visiting the Shah of Iran share a common set of imperial assumptions. Unless a dictator is on our side, Kissinger has no respect for the sovereign rights of foreign societies. He is contemptuous of self-determination, and thinks nothing at all of intervening in Chile—on the incredible pretext of saving it from the allegedly anti-democratic tendencies of Allende's leadership. He champions covert operations, assassination plots and military coups as essential tools for the promotion of national interests. Yet when he comes to the Shah, Kissinger is positively weepy and nostalgic, calling this bloodthirsty tyrant "a dedicated reformer" whose "authoritarian" rule was "in keeping with the traditions, perhaps even the necessities, of Iranian society." Incredibly, Kissinger informs us that he "could never escape the impression" that the Shah was "a gentle, even sentimental man."

The memoirs are revealing in certain respects. Kissinger dwells at length on his efforts to persuade Nguyen Van Thieu to go along with the Paris Agreement ending the Vietnam War. He treats Thieu as an embattled patriot instead of as the beleaguered puppet he was. More significantly, Kissinger never shares what he undoubtedly knew at the time, that the Saigon regime, lacking popular support, could not survive "peace." The Paris Agreement extricated the United States, but it also issued a death warrant for Thieu. What was "honor" for the United States and a Nobel Peace Prize for Kissinger was clearly the end of the road for Thieu. That he resisted this destiny may have been his proudest hour.

On a more general level, Kissinger writes as if raw materials, foreign markets and domestic elite pressure groups don't exist. He projects the false view that foreign policy is a matter of power brokering, always remembering to flex one's nuclear muscles from time to time at that mystical altar of geopolitics named "global balance." In this respect, Kissinger's account tells us little about the real forces shaping American foreign policy at this stage, which are predominantly associated, of course, with an intensifying struggle to keep world capitalism afloat. Here, Kissinger shows us once again that he is well suited to serve the American foreign policy establishment. It has always been bad form for American diplomats to acknowledge economic considerations as entering into their conception of national interest. Kissinger protects this mystique with his special knack for shrouding the concrete interests of the United States in the mumbo jumbo of geopolitical abstraction.

In the end, Kissinger emerges primarily as architect and advocate of a militarist, interventionary foreign policy. As such, it makes the media's adulation of Kissinger's memoirs especially disturbing, suggesting a mainstream embrace of his dangerous, dishonorable orientation. It may be quite natural to be fascinated by Kissinger, but to be infatuated seems perverse. □


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# BOOKS & THE ARTS.

## "Our Destinies Are Bad"

SIMON KARLINSKY

TESTIMONY: The Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich. *As related to and edited by Solomon Volkov. Translated from the Russian by Antonina W. Bouis. Harper & Row. 289 pp. $15.*

Few musicians have been as highly honored by the Soviet Government as Dmitri Shostakovich. He was, it is true, the object of two savage campaigns of denunciation and vilification in the Soviet press (in 1936 and 1948). But in the intervening years he was quite regularly awarded Stalin and Lenin prizes; he served on Soviet delegations to various peace congresses, and was appointed a People's Artist of the Soviet Union in 1954, one year after Stalin's death. He joined the Communist Party in 1960. He was elected a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. He frequently issued statements in support of his Government's policies. Then, at the end of his life, Shostakovich decided to speak his mind. In a series of conversations with the young musicologist Solomon Volkov, the composer expressed his uncensored views on musical, personal and political matters. What emerges is a life dominated by fear for personal survival and by loathing for the system that honored the composer and which he had no choice but to serve.

The music of Shostakovich meant a great deal to me for a few years during the second decade of my life. I first heard it as a ballet, Leonide Massine's lovely "Rouge et Noir," choreographed to Shostakovich's First Symphony. That gripping, youthful work, together with certain portions of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Symphonies, is the only music of Shostakovich that is still attractive to me today. In 1942 I was present at the Los Angeles premiere of Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony. Leopold Stokowski conducted, Nelson Eddy sang "The United Nations Song" by Shostakovich, and a Soviet woman sniper, famous because she had personally shot seventeen Germans, made an impassioned plea for the opening of the second front. Leningrad was under siege. There was a portrait of Shostakovich in his air-raid warden gear on the cover of *Time*. Our press and Hollywood films kept assuring us that our valiant allies, the Soviet people, were united in their love for their all-wise and benevolent leader, Joseph Stalin. To doubt the artistic worth of Shostakovich's Seventh was tantamount to supporting Hitler. An elderly man who was heard muttering in the lobby that it was a trashy piece was almost lynched.

Listening to the Seventh on the radio recently, I marveled at the wishful illusions that accompanied its initial reception. That marching episode in the first movement—a phrase from "The Merry Widow" arranged and orchestrated in the manner of Ravel's "Bolero"—how fresh it sounded, how eagerly it was accepted as the new word in music. I recognized those same illusions in the whitewashing of the American cult of Stalin in the film *The Way We Were* a few years ago. The Barbra Streisand character had a picture of Lenin on her wall and she was shown as nobly striving to save women and children from being killed in Spain. In real life in those days, the portrait would have been that of Stalin and her energies would have been devoted to discrediting Trotsky and to accusing anyone of fascism who dared mention the post-collectivization famine in the Soviet Union or Stalin's concentration camps. That was the way we of that generation, the film heroine's and mine, *really* were.

There is no escaping the fact that the wild success of Shostakovich's music in the West in the 1940s, especially among many people not otherwise noted for their interest in serious music, was due to the wartime alliance and the concomitant uncritical enthusiasm for everything Soviet, including Stalin. In light of the revelations of *Testimony* this is ironic. The figure of Stalin looms as the single biggest presence in the

*Simon Karlinsky's most recent books are* The Sexual Labyrinth of Nikolai Gogol *and* The Nabokov-Wilson Letters *(Harper & Row).*

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book, a murderous deity at once insane and infantile, poisoning the air people breathe by his existence, reducing everyone to quivering jelly, constantly demanding homage and human sacrifices.

Shostakovich came face to face with the full power of Stalin's displeasure during the purges of the 1930s. Nationally prominent figures close to him, such as Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky and the legendary stage director Meyerhold, were framed for nonexistent crimes and destroyed with no protest from any quarter. Millions of others perished for no reason at all. Shostakovich himself narrowly escaped with his life after Stalin ordered a press campaign against his hugely successful opera "Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District." He survived by abasing himself, pleading guilty and composing his Fifth Symphony in the officially approved "realistic" manner (which in practice amounts to imitating the clichés of nineteenth-century Romanticism).

Twelve years later, the internationally famous composer of the Seventh Symphony seemed to be headed for the executioner's block once again when he, Sergei Prokofiev and several other Soviet composers were accused of "cosmopolitanism" (i.e., of not being chauvinistically patriotic in their music). This time round he escaped annihilation through Stalin's fortuitous whim of sending him as the Soviet delegate to the Conference for World Peace held at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City in 1949. There is a photograph in the book of Shostakovich flanked at that conference by the youthful Norman Mailer and Arthur Miller, the very picture of the hands-across-the-sea amity of the artists of two peace-loving, democratic peoples. It is only now that we learn of Shostakovich's shame and disgust at the hypocritical charade he was forced to enact.

His two major ordeals left Shostakovich demoralized and frightened for the rest of his life. He was willing to sign any statement, make any speech the authorities prepared for him, tailor his music to any specifications. It is one of the great achievements of the memoirs to show how an artist of this stature can be brought to such a pass. The keynote of the book is the composer's impotent rage. The Soviet rulers are "sick people" who feel that "they were called to set mankind," or at least their country, "on the right path." But the internal opponents of the Soviet regime are also treated with scorn, Solzhenitsyn for his messianism and supposed religious fanaticism and Sakharov for his contribution to the construction of the hydrogen bomb, which, in Shostakovich's judgment, deprives him of any right to speak out on moral matters.

Here is how Shostakovich sees life under Communism: "It's a huge ant hill in which we all crawl. In the majority of cases, our destinies are bad. We are treated harshly and cruelly. And as soon as someone crawls a little higher, he's ready to torture and humiliate others." His strongest contempt is reserved, understandably enough, for foreign "humanitarians" (mistranslated as "humanists" in the book) such as George Bernard Shaw, Romain Rolland and Paul Robeson, who visited the Soviet Union during Stalin's rule and then wrote glowing accounts of the free and prosperous life they observed. "Once I was tormented by the question: why?" says Shostakovich. "Why? Why were these people lying to the entire world? Why don't these famous humanitarians give a damn about us, our lives, honor and dignity?"

The answer for him is that "their cozy life as famous humanitarians is what they hold most dear." Digging up the true facts of Soviet life is an ungrateful business: "You have to get involved, you have to write letters. And if you write a protest you won't get invited the next time and they'll ruin your good name. The radio and papers will smear you with dirt, they'll call you a reactionary." Shostakovich was well aware that Stalin's one-time Western supporters (and their biographers) had tended in recent years to exercise selective forgetfulness about their earlier fellow-traveling.

Shostakovich's embittered view of his life and his country left him with a residue of hatred which is at times directed at some unexpected targets. Arturo Toscanini, who did so much to win Shostakovich his popularity abroad, is denounced as a terrible conductor and a musical dictator comparable to Stalin. Prokofiev "had the soul of a goose, he always had a chip on his shoulder" and he is said to have hired others to orchestrate his work. Vladimir Mayakovsky, whose poetry Shostakovich admired and for whose comedy, *The Bedbug*, he composed the incidental music, is described as a boor, a snob and a toady. The tone in which Shostakovich speaks of these artists and also of the Soviet political establishment is a mixture of revulsion, sarcasm and forced humor, a mixture reminiscent of the musical style of his opera "The Nose." This is a book that one cannot read without wincing.

In addition to Meyerhold, Tukhachevsky and the satirist Mikhail Zoshchenko (who was persecuted by the Soviet authorities far more grimly than Shostakovich ever was), the person of whom the composer speaks with the greatest admiration and affection is his teacher, Aleksandr Glazunov. Regarded by most people as a secondary figure in the history of Russian music, Glazunov is for Shostakovich a "great musician." The impression left by the several sections devoted to Glazunov in the book is that Shostakovich not only loved him but envied the alcoholic and syphilitic old composer for having lived and worked before the Revolution. "He composed when he really wanted to, for his own pleasure, without giving a thought to 'ideological content [of his music].' " Glazunov enjoyed the patronage of wealthy publishers and merchant

CUMMINGS

On May nights in Patchin Place,
Greenwich Village of my memory,
Girls from Smith and Vassar
Vagabonding for the weekend,
Lovely in the alley light,
Would chant up to the shy poet's
Window: How do you like your blue-
Eyed boy, Mr. Death. And indeed
Buffalo Bill's defunct—pencil-thin
By the alley gate, sketch book in hand,
Open collar of the artist, across
From the Women's House of Detention
In the waning light of afternoons.

Harvey Shapiro

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millionaires, who, says Shostakovich, "are always more generous than the state." When things got uncomfortable for him in Soviet times, Glazunov managed to defect during a visit to Vienna. He died peacefully in Paris in 1936, safe from ideological harassment.

In view of the extreme interest of the memoirs and the many startling and debatable revelations they contain, it is a pity that the book comes to us with so many unresolved questions in matters of authorship and veracity. Because of Solomon Volkov's musicological expertise and his well-documented closeness to Shostakovich, there is no reason to doubt that he actually wrote down what Shostakovich told him. One is perplexed, nonetheless, to read two pages on Igor Stravinsky which are a verbatim reproduction of a statement by Shostakovich published in the Soviet Union in 1973 in a collection of essays on Stravinsky edited by Boris Yarustovsky. Beginning identically, the texts in *Testimony* and in the collection of essays then diverge and go their separate ways. Similarly, the section on Mayakovsky is almost identical with Shostakovich's brief memoir of him published in *Mayakovsky as Remembered by His Contemporaries* (Moscow, 1963), except that the passages depicting the cordial contacts between the poet and the composer have been replaced in *Testimony* by memories of hostility and rudeness.

It would have been far more comfortable for everyone involved if Volkov had been listed as the author of the book instead of its editor and had chosen the format of "conversations with . . ." in the manner of J.P. Eckermann's classic *Conversations with Goethe at the End of His Life* or Alexander Gladkov's recent volume of conversations with Boris Pasternak. Another major problem is that Volkov fails to annotate for the benefit of Western readers those passages where Shostakovich makes statements that are contrary to known facts. Thus, he blames Stalin's persecution of the writer Zoshchenko on Stalin's supposed envy of Zoshchenko's fame and popularity abroad. But Zoshchenko's work is practically untranslatable and, outside the Soviet Union, he never had any reputation to speak of. The actual causes and circumstances of his persecution are on record in several Western histories of Soviet literature.

If Stravinsky treated the Soviet musicologist Yarustovsky with contempt and refused to shake his hand, as Shostakovich says, how can we account for Stravinsky's inviting Yarustovsky to his home in Hollywood and quoting his insights with approval in print? Worst of all is Shostakovich's detailed account of the suicide in 1921 of the literary critic Anastasia Chebotarevskaya, the wife of the major Symbolist poet and novelist Fyodor Sologub. As we know from numerous memoirs, she killed herself because of the inhuman cat-and-mouse game that Lenin's Government was playing with her and her husband by first granting them an exit visa and then withdrawing it. Shostakovich attributes her suicide to a trivial spat with her husband and describes Sologub's despair in the wake of his loss in an insensitive, jeering tone that reduces a tragedy to ridiculous farce. The reader deserves at least a footnote stating the actual facts.

An additional handicap with which the book is saddled is the English translation. It can only be described as crude and occasionally semiliterate. On the one hand there is a profusion of anachronistic American slang which cannot possibly correspond to anything in Shostakovich's Russian: "beat the hell out of it," "those bums," "I don't want to be full of hot air." On the other hand, there is wholesale literal transposition of Russian idioms into English with no regard to what this does to the reader's comprehension. The Russian word for "power" (*vlast'*) can also be used to mean "government" or "system." The Russian words for "creativity" and "creative" more usually designate "art" and "artistic." Although these correspondences do not exist in English, the translator assumes they do and so we get "progressive realistic creativity" where "progressive realistic art" is meant, or "It's not enough to love Soviet power. It has to love you" where "Soviet power" stands for "Soviet Government." (Prospective readers are hereby advised to change "creativity" to "art" and "power" to "government" or "system" throughout the book, if they want to get at the meaning of the passages where these words occur.)

Western commentators have often been puzzled when Soviet persecution of artists is brought up, and they still seldom realize just what is involved. Reporting on the campaign against Soviet composers in his column in *The New York Herald Tribune* in 1948, Virgil Thomson found the whole business distasteful, but logical and reasonable, be-

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cause the composers themselves "have determined their own ideal and accepted . . . the principles" under which they were being censured. Another American music critic whom I admire, Peter Yates, describing Soviet composers' difficulties with their Government in his book, *Twentieth Century Music* (1967), pointed out that they are also given great privileges by the authorities and compared this to the plight of American composers, left to the mercies of commercialism. "So long as the officially endorsed attitude that music is a commercial product sold for entertainment persists in America," Yates concluded, "we have no better cause than the Russians to boast of 'freedom of the arts.' "

I find such obligatory "comparison of oppressions," which is more popular today than ever, sadly uninformed. Shostakovich's pretending that his Fifth Symphony was a glorification of socialist labor, when he in fact composed it as a memorial to the victims of Stalin's terror, or that the march in the Seventh represented advancing German troops, while he actually thought of his own Soviet leaders during its composition, is living a lie of such magnitude that few in the West can imagine, let alone experience, it. *Testimony* is one continuous illustration of Boris Pasternak's observation in *Doctor Zhivago* that people cannot be required to falsify their feelings day after day, to extol what they dislike and to feign joy about things that bring them misfortune, without sustaining serious physical and mental damage. A lifetime of pretense and hypocrisy on this scale cannot be understood by those who have not observed the Soviet system from within. The book should be required reading for those of us who think that Soviet dancers defect to the West only to get better roles and salaries. □

# Life Is Elsewhere

JAMES RAWLEY

W.H. AUDEN: The Life of a Poet. *By Charles Osborne. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 348 pp. $17.95.*

Wystan Hugh Auden began writing poetry in 1922, when he was 16. By 1927 he was telling Hugh Coghill, his English tutor at Oxford, "You ought to read Eliot. I've been reading Eliot."

"It was that morning's tutorial hour," Coghill reported later, "that convinced me that I must. 'Auden,' I thought, 'is in the imperative.' "

Auden's ability to charm his readers and intimidate the intellectual establishment continued throughout his life. He early developed a schoolmarmish manner that both friends and critics remarked upon. But the real foundation of his authority was an astoundingly strict self-discipline. For most of his adult life, when not engaged in traveling or lecturing (and both these activities, of course, would normally result in books) he wrote six to eight hours a day, six days a week. Toward the end of his life, his liking for rigid schedules had grown so pronounced that he would leave dinner parties at 9 o'clock, murmuring, "It's way past my bedtime," whether or not dinner had been served.

"It is sad, but a fact," said Auden, "that while the lives of decent folk usually make dull reading, the lives of bad hats are nearly always interesting." Auden was not a bad hat. He barely had time to be. But he was an eccentric, a celebrity, a homosexual. Though he kept his life uneventful in the main, it was full of scandalous little passages, and Charles Osborne's biography, *W.H. Auden: The Life of a Poet*, gets its best effects from gossipmongering.

Such a book had to be written. Auden enjoyed gossip; such men attract it. Besides, this is an age where, as Auden said, we "only encounter specialists, artists who know nothing of science, scientists who know nothing of art, philosophers who have no interest in God, priests who are unconcerned with politics, politicians who only know other politicians." In such an age, we are not surprised if an Auden critic writes one kind of book, and an Auden biographer another kind entirely. *The Life* has few passages of literary analysis, and would have almost none if it did not quote contemporary reviews.

Not that Osborne is a mere talebearer. He is himself a poet, and he knows the impact of a sudden unadorned and unforeshadowed piece of titillating news. For example:

> A less innocent activity of Auden's in 1933 than experiencing mystical states of perception on the school lawn was the seduction of one of his pupils, a boy of fourteen. The relationship developed into a real friendship and continued for some years.

This is the last we hear of the boy, though by no means the last boy we hear of. The following passage also leaps up out of nowhere and is never referred to again:

> He was beginning now [1937] a habit which continued for the rest of his life of using drugs to set him up in the morning and to ease him into sleep at night: Benzedrine to start the day, and Seconal to end it. (It was only much later that he began to drink heavily as well.)

Osborne has an ice skater's feel for

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the surface of things, and he displays at times a similar speed and grace. If the reader wishes to know whether Auden was taking a serious risk by seducing one of his students, he will have to ask a sociologist. As for the drugs and the drink, a perusal of the poet's autobiographical *New Year's Letter* will turn up more than one well-rhymed passage on confusion and guilt. Osborne quotes nothing of the kind. Instead, he gives us Auden's limericks and party pieces, and his story moves along without a stumble.

At those points where momentous decisions are made, however, such glib treatment must fail. In 1939, some months before England entered World War II, Auden and his friend Christopher Isherwood decided to move to America. Although they left at a time when war was not immediately feared, and although Auden told the British Government that he would return whenever called, many felt the two were repudiating an entire literary generation which they had taught to express itself, first in its search for permanent values in a time of political upheaval, and second in its struggle against fascism. To their less intellectual countrymen, they seemed simply to have run out on England.

Auden wrote many drafts of an unpublished essay justifying himself. Its central point was that the artist was not to be held politically accountable, because his skill had no power over events. This creed boils down to four words, which appear in his elegy, "In Memory of W.B. Yeats": ". . . art makes nothing happen. . . ."

Osborne can give us no better explanation, though he provides an impressively thorough recounting of the questions asked in Parliament about the defection, the scurrilous letters attacking the two friends that appeared in various newspapers, and the defense by Cyril Connolly in *Horizon* that turned out to be more damaging than any attack. Auden and Isherwood, wrote Connolly,

> are far-sighted and ambitious young men with a strong instinct of self-preservation, and an eye on the main chance, who have abandoned what they consider to be the sinking ship of European democracy, and by implication the aesthetic doctrine of social realism that has been prevailing there. Are they right? It would certainly seem so. . . .

Osborne's failure to read Auden's mind is doubly disappointing because the question of his leaving England really *is* a matter for a biographer. Samuel Hynes, in his literary history of England in the 1930s, *The Auden Generation*, brilliantly explicates the Yeats elegy to show how important Auden felt it was to write well—"to preserve," as Hynes comments, "the human imagination, and thus to defend a human value against the forces of inhumanity."

Auden's verses on this point (they are still among his most famous) ran: "Time, that is intolerant/Of the brave and innocent,/And indifferent in a week/To a beautiful physique,//Worships language and forgives/Everyone by whom it lives." Literarily, this might well be thought the best thing sayable. But in real life, the immortality of one's own verse is no motivation to leave town when a war is coming. Nor is it insignificant that in the course of tinkering with and destroying many of his best poems from the 1930s, Auden cut these words from later editions of the elegy.

Auden evidently learned how little effect he could have as a man of action when he went to Spain in 1937, intending to become an ambulance driver. The Communist journalist Claud Cockburn, who saw Auden there, says,

> . . . what we really wanted was for him to go to the front, write some pieces saying hurrah for the Republic, and then go away and write some poems, also saying hurrah for the Republic; and that would be his job in the war—and bloody important at that. Instead of which, unfortunately, he took the whole thing terribly seriously; he wanted to *do* something. . . .

Osborne describes this passage as a "comical view of Auden in Spain." It is high comedy indeed, with its hint of tragedy for Auden, whose respect for himself as a poet could not generate enough respect for poets as a class to make him wish to remain one once he got to the front. And the final irony is that when he went away and wrote some poems about Spain, they were far too honest to say anything as simple as "Hurrah for the Republic."

In 1940, Auden returned to the Christianity he had left as a child. About his conversion Osborne remarks:

> If he changed at all, as a result . . . it was a change in the direction of dogmatism and illiberality, though it would hardly be fair to lay the blame for this entirely on the Church, for Auden encouraged the aging and hardening process, and began to play the role of the inflexible old fogy years before he had any right to it.

His immense skill at and influence in literary politics enabled him to make substantial money on the American poetry reading circuit. In his later years he sought to be regarded as a supreme preserver and defender of language. "I feel," he would often say, "a little guilty about some things I wrote in the thirties. Nothing I wrote against Hitler prevented one Jew being killed. Nothing I wrote made the war stop a minute sooner."

Meanwhile, Osborne keeps the gossip coming. Quite late in his book, and in Auden's life, and having once again left the reader unprepared for the coming news, he says,

> It is widely thought in Swedish literary circles that one reason why Auden never won the Nobel Prize for literature was that he showed too clearly his eagerness to win it: indeed, that his pursuit of it during his visit to Sweden was quite blatant.

Amid smatterings of scandal and a few specimens of Auden's later light verse, the story drifts to its close. Anec-

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dotal biography can hardly keep from trivializing its subject. What haunts us through Osborne's book is the feeling that Auden trivialized himself. The antidote to this feeling is Auden's own poetry and essays, where he appears as a different, deeper person. Osborne should have quoted them more often. It is unfair to a writer to judge him by his life. □

# "Here"

## FREDERICK TURNER

THE DEATH OF JIM LONEY. *By James Welch. Harper & Row. 179 pp. $8.95.*

*The Death of Jim Loney* is the third work in the emerging career of one of our more promising writers, James Welch. Like the first two, *Riding the Earthboy 40* (poems) and the justly praised *Winter in the Blood*, this one takes its materials from the unlovely realities of contemporary American Indian life: familial dislocations, poverty, alcoholism and profound alienation. These are realities Welch knows well, for he is himself Indian, born on the Blackfoot reservation at Browning, Montana, surely one of the bleaker and more bitter outposts in America.

Yet Welch has not wanted to capitalize in a personal way on this ethnic heritage, rightly wishing to be thought of as a writer, period. Nor can his works correctly be categorized as "Indian writing." Native American life is what Welch knows best, and something of his manner of narration may derive from oral tradition, but with each work he has gone deeper into his materials so that at last he is writing about life in America, about our shared moral and physical landscape.

As in *Winter in the Blood*, the protagonist of this work suffers within an almost autistic state of alienation. We are deliberately excluded from most of Jim Loney's thoughts, forced to regard him from afar and strangely, as are the characters within the fiction. But we know enough to understand that Loney, like the hero of *Winter in the Blood*, feels "no hatred, no love, no guilt, no conscience, nothing but a distance that

*Frederick Turner is the author of the forthcoming* Beyond Geography: The Western Spirit Against the Wilderness, *to be published by The Viking Press in the spring. He is currently at work on a biography of John Muir.*

## "AT ANY MOMENT MORE THAN TWO BILLION PINTS OF BLOOD ARE CIRCULATING IN THE UNITED STATES"

Whatever you may be up to,
thinking, loving, dying, others
in droves and everywhere are doing too.
Disconcerting if you think
your thinking in itself remarkable,
think you have attained the world, some
part, not tracked before.
You
dredge up instances, refuting this,
when you, suddenly arriving at a place
spectacular to the point of pain,
Delphi, say, Lucerne,
could
hardly believe it, believe—no less
prompting pangs, an impulse to cry out—
that Renée and you were loitering
there alone.
And yet you know
one certain self of you, whatever
bodied voices, burly in their urgency,
be battering, now gazes
at this
iris, broken from its wrap, delight
your own, or at a cloud-congested sky,
overlapping the swelled waters
of Lake Saranac.
(In the Red Sea
coursed inside you, heaped into a wall
that throbbingly props, will you not,
like Pharaoh's men and horses,
soon be drowned
with the wader
horde and that handful, devotees
of passion, expecting to discover,
on the ocean's floor, a treasure past
their ripest dream?
"In that sea,"
said Henry More, "were some who swam
or sailed, explorers who perhaps
knew all its shores.")
Still,
desolation as of loneliness after
an ecstatic occasion not to be denied,
ready comfort gathers in the fact
that always
your most secret
act is shared. Recall that man who,
death his one desire, could not dare it
till, all plotted out, a partner
hand in hand plunged also.
Yet
you understand, having companioned
three or four you loved far into death
as you could go, a dress rehearsal,
each must cross alone.

Theodore Weiss

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had grown through the years."

In *Winter in the Blood*, the hero is able to struggle out of this fatal condition by rediscovering usable portions of his tribal heritage so that at the end of his quest he is back on his ranch with its weeds, cracked gumbo flats and rusty cottonwoods able to love again, capable of enhancing life.

Not so Jim Loney. Loney is a half-breed, and there is no authentic past for him to rediscover and attach himself to, nor is there a future to which he might realistically aspire. Harlem, Montana, is his spiritual prison where he drifts down through the days, sitting in his kitchen with bottles of cheap wine, an old dog and tangled visions of vanished parents and relations. And if the kitchen is desolate, the world outside is even more so with its bars and drunks, its wide, heartless skies with their constant, irritating winds, and, always visible in the distance, the lights of the Indian agency. For such a person in such a world there seems no shelter except in drunken ruminations, which is why none of the other characters can reach into the kitchen to rescue Loney from his fate: not the blonde schoolteacher from Dallas who loves him for a term, nor his assimilated sister who is a successful bureaucrat in the Federal Government. Nor can his high school friend, Myron Pretty Weasel, who proposes to Loney that they resume their friendship and go hunting again together as they had years ago. On that hunt, Loney mistakes his partner for the prey, and having forgotten the whistling signals by which they used to communicate, kills him.

For Loney, this accident is not an accident but the result of the person he has become. And so there can be no acquittal. There can be but one thing, the last act in the long death of Jim Loney: a solitary figure, frozen in the crosshairs of an agency policeman's rifle.

With the last crack of the rifle this minor-league tragedy is concluded. The murderous policeman can go back to his agency to await another such opportunity. The blonde schoolteacher can go back to the upper-middle-class security in Dallas from which she has come. The sister can go on with her career, helping the nation's underprivileged. And in the bars of Harlem, Montana, there will be for a little while talk of Loney and Pretty Weasel until the next flare of violence eclipses them, and so life will go on in the spaces of the American West.

This is a grim prospect, and Welch is even more unrelenting here than in *Winter in the Blood*. He keeps a long distance from his narrative and insists that we do too, as if this landscape must be observed from the same barren height Jim Loney scaled at the end of his journey. Language is shaved to bone hardness, dialogue to the hopeless impenetrability of cliché; characterizations are minimal and the narrative as a whole is stark as a mountain skyline.

This manner of storytelling, as I have said, may have been suggested to Welch by Indian oral tradition where the story is almost everything, the teller but little. It is reminiscent too of some current Japanese fiction which adopts this distant spareness to avoid attracting attention to its "originality." There too it may owe something to the traditional practices of painting and storytelling. But there are probably limits to this sort of thing, especially in the Occident, and in *The Death of Jim Loney* it seems Welch is near them. Beyond such a stripped fiction there is perhaps only the silhouette of the teller, gesturing silently toward the skyline, toward the hugely symbolic landscape of our West, refusing even to echo Fenimore Cooper's Trapper at the end of *The Prairie* who pronounces into the dying glare the prophetic judgment, "Here." □

# Without Compassion

ARYEH NEIER

FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. *By Walter Berns. Basic Books. 214 pp. $10.95.*

Walter Berns argues—rightly, I believe—that "a moral community is not possible without anger." An obvious point that seems to have eluded him is that while anger is a necessary component of morality, it is not the sole component. Morality also requires avoidance of barbarity.

The case for anger, or retribution against criminals, is well argued in *For Capital Punishment*. The principal problem with the book is that in making the leap from the morality of anger to the conclusion expressed in his book's title, Berns resorts to fallacious reasoning. It goes like this: the notion that anger is an inappropriate response to criminality is wrongheaded. So too are notions that criminals should be excused because society is corrupt or that the proper object of the criminal law is reform of the criminal. Some of those who hold these views are opponents of capital punishment. Ergo, capital punishment is proper.

Berns tries to convey the impression that contemporary opposition to capital punishment is largely restricted to those who hold these wrongheaded views about the impropriety of anger, the excusability of crime and the reforming of criminals. He scoffs at Ramsey Clark, Karl Menninger and Tom Wicker and, unfairly, lumps Jessica Mitford with them even though her criticisms of Menninger and the views Clark expressed some years ago about rehabilitation through confinement were more scathing than those of Berns himself. Wicker

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was spared Mitford's scorn, but probably only because his maudlin memoir of the Attica revolt, *A Time to Die* (1975), was published after her book on prisons, *Kind and Usual Punishment* (1973).

The sources Berns cites, but does not adequately identify, make it clear that he knows he is painting a distorted picture of the anti-capital punishment movement. As authority for the view that rehabilitation has failed, Berns invokes "Norval Morris, whose credentials as a leading criminologist will not be challenged by anyone." Berns finds additional authority for this view, and for a philosophy of punishment based on retribution, in the writings of a group he identifies only as a "highly sophisticated group of professionals." He neglects to mention that Morris and those "professionals," the fifteen members of the Field Foundation's Committee on the Study of Incarceration, are antagonists of capital punishment. Indeed, the Field Foundation itself is a leading source of financial support for the abolitionist movement.

In their introduction to the Field Foundation report, *Doing Justice* (1976), two members of the committee —psychiatrist Willard Gaylin and historian David Rothman—made it plain that they viewed their call to substitute retribution for rehabilitation—as the purpose of punishment—as a shift away from overly harsh sentences. "The rehabilitative model," they wrote, "despite its emphasis on understanding and concern, has been more cruel and punitive than a frankly punitive model" because it has produced the indeterminate sentence that is extended until a parole board decides that the criminal has been cured. By contrast, according to Gaylin and Rothman, "When we honestly face the fact that our purpose is retributive, we may, with a re-found compassion and a renewed humanity, limit the degree of retribution we will exact."

There is no place for compassion in the world of Walter Berns. If the crime is sufficiently serious, kill. If it is less serious, confine the criminal in barbarous circumstances. "The inhumanity of the Atticas is caused by inmates, not the institution," Berns informs us as if, even were it true, that excuses the inhumane treatment of a particular prisoner at Attica who is assaulted or raped by his fellow prisoners.

Some distortions in *For Capital Pun-*

## THE SUMMIT

If you've just once been happy,
you have the right to assume
you're out of the reach of destruction.

I read that somewhere once and
didn't believe it at all
for happiness as I knew it was

only a point, quickly passed,
on the common road that leads
(as far as one can survey it) to

destruction and nowhere else.
What reasoning was this, which
would deny our time as we've lived it

and make us hostages to
assumptions no one has proved?
What can it possibly mean, to say

that those who once were happy
can "bear to die"? I wonder.
Why wouldn't it be all the harder

since they're asked to give up more?
It's those who are sick, wretched,
sunk in pain, who are ready to quit—

like my poor friend Costello,
at Hood back in '44,
who screamed so from his hospital bed

he burst a vein in his throat.
Destruction was fine by him . . .
But I've got the argument twisted—

I see it now all at once—
for plain willingness to die
isn't the point. The point is rather

whether, in someone's life, it
may come to pass that the self
reach a place of high vantage from which,

as from a mountain meadow,
future and past recede, and
the road itself lose its meaning. If

so, when the life is resumed,
something is left behind there
(wedded to the high place for ever)

which knows itself as lasting
beyond the self that moves on:
a thing at home in its happiness

as an oak-tree is at home
in its own rich-textured shade,
or as an old fish deep in ocean

is at home, flexing his way
effortlessly, without thought . . .
And this thing it is which remains and

remembers itself and time
moving to their destruction
in the self which they seek to rejoin.

Frederick Morgan

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*ishment* may only reflect its author's ignorance. He tells us that "the chances of [the burglar] being caught are statistically remote." Nonsense. Burglars are almost always caught. The reason is that burglary is a frequently repeated crime. Sooner or later the burglar is unlucky and gets caught. While the Federal Bureau of Investigation reports arrests in only 17 percent of burglaries, if statistics were compiled about those who practice that trade, they would show that well over 90 percent get caught in the course of a year. Although advocates of harsher treatment of criminals seem reluctant to acknowledge the point, street crime pays no better than ever.

Berns finds an anomaly in the American Civil Liberties Union's insistence that Karen Quinlan had a right to die and that Gary Gilmore did not. It seems anomalous because it isn't so. The A.C.L.U. said only that Karen Quinlan had a right to formal legal process which would determine her rights. As for Gary Gilmore, the A.C.L.U. never questioned his right to commit suicide, only the right of the state to execute him.

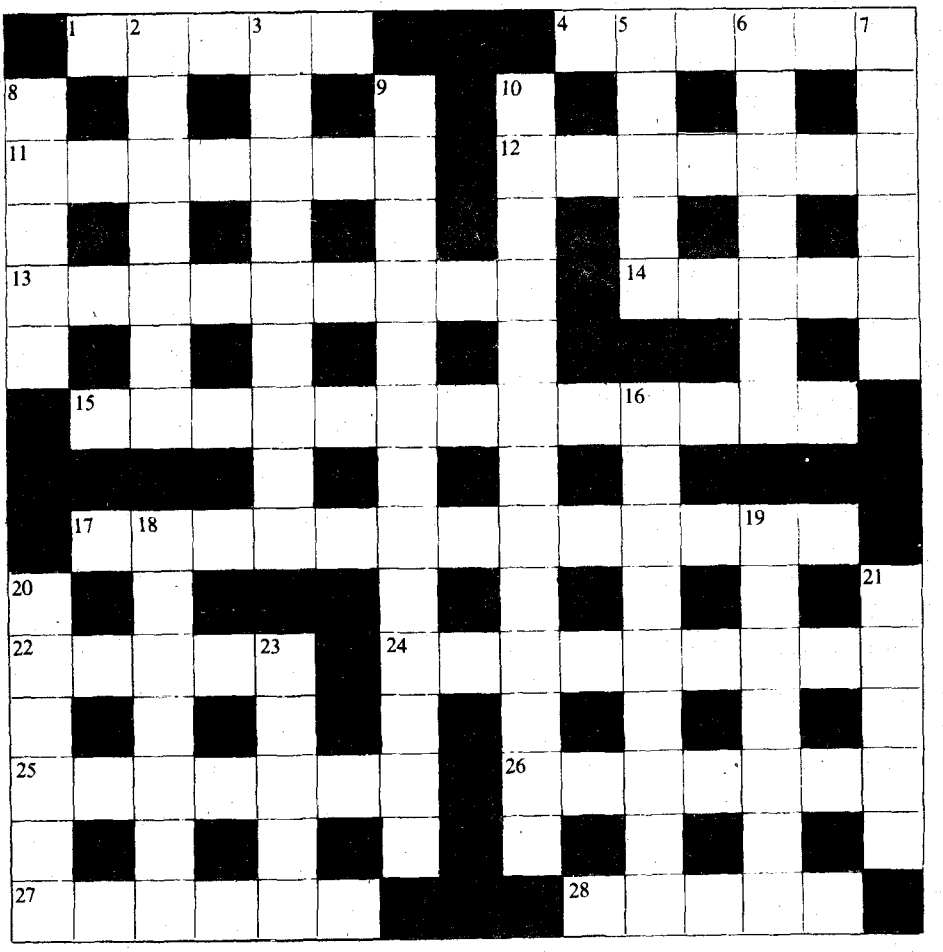
The argument that blacks are sentenced to death in greatly disproportionate numbers is unpersuasive to Berns in showing racial discrimination because, he points out, blacks also commit a disproportionate number of murders. He betrays no awareness that the contemporary argument about discrimination centers not on the race of the murderers but on the race of the victims. Death sentences are almost exclusively reserved for murderers—black or white—whose victims are white.

Perhaps the most astonishing assertion in *For Capital Punishment* is that "the attempt to have it [capital punishment] abolished by the United States Supreme Court may only have strengthened its structure." Berns's publisher apparently thinks this statement is so significant that it is quoted on the book's dust jacket. Indeed, it would deserve that attention if Berns offered persuasive arguments for this view. Nothing of the sort is to be found in the book. All we get is the assertion.

Although there is much else that is slipshod in *For Capital Punishment*, it is likely to be influential because it demolishes some equally slipshod reasoning by abolitionists. Opponents of capital punishment would do well to read what Berns has to say if only to sharpen their own arguments. □

# Crossword Puzzle No. 1797

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 22 What gun-fighters used to do to 4. (5,2,3)
4 Hose might. (Whips out of it front to back.) (6)
11 Musical passage—a little way the water creature comes back. (7)
12 It might keep you safe on landing, though offering some complaint. (7)
13 Bless me! I'd otherwise act so hypocritically! (9)
14 Bowie, or possibly Jack. (5)
15 A hard-working supporter might behave so, and create yelling, possibly. (13)
17 Hep, as they say, to perceive the projecting part qualified. (13)
22 See 1 across
24 Roamed a little shaken in desert-like environment? This certainly did! (9)
25 Stock character, indisposed, but in vain. (7)
26 *Sophisticated Lady* would never have it! (7)
27 Work-table of a sort, or back-rest broken. (6)
28 A thing of the Lion-type in Mycenae made of stone. (5)

DOWN

2 Acts pushy, like Little Boy Blue? (5,2)
3 See 5 down
5 and 3 Board-walk artists might be like the successful types who 1-22. (5,2,3,4)
6 Give your OK with the first letter you write. (7)
7 Priced out of the game, if so? (6)
8 Bad ideas are not under consideration here. (5)
9 Where two pairs are hitched. (6,7)
10 The North Pole, for one example! (In a way of figuring, it means nothing.) (8,5)
16 Involving a new king, a revival of interest. (9)
18 There's a point to lots of food! (7)
19 With the least fat—least around one of eight points. (7)
20 25th in a series. (6)
21 Categorized as what the office person might have done. (5)
23 The superstitious say you might be lost without one in the Devil's Triangle. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1796

ACROSS: 1 Knock on wood; 9, 10 and 30 Turn of the tide; 11 Town; 12 Beeline; 13 Streets; 15 Converse; 16 Evokes; 18 Curses; 26 Stretch; 28 Trek; 29 Bathe; 31 Adventurers. DOWN: 2 Nine lives; 3 Crooner; 4 and 21 across Oath of office; 5 Wreathe; 6 and 24 On the up-and-up; 7 Tuxedo; 8 Swathe; 14 Tenor; 17 Off-center; 19 Uppers; 20 Stumble; 22 Outwear; 23 Cicada; 25 Naked; 27 Stet.

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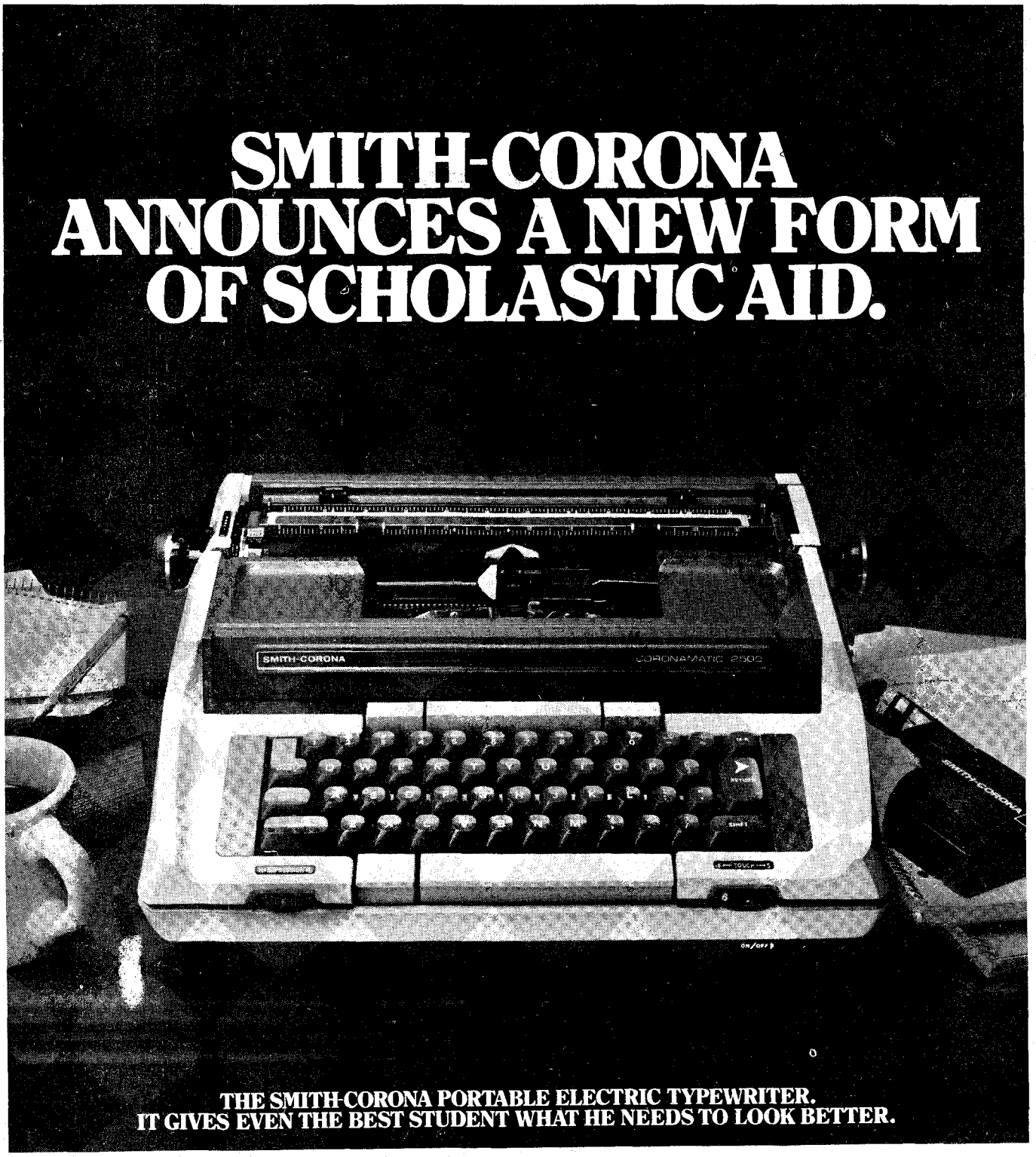


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